

THE CRANSTONIAN

THE CRANSTONIAN

Published by and in the interests of the
Pupils of the Cranston High School



CRANSTON, RHODE ISLAND



Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-four

THE CRANSTONIAN



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TO MADELEINE KANE, OUR TEACHER
AND FRIEND, WHOSE CHEERFUL AND
TIRELESS ASSISTANCE HAS MADE POSSIBLE
THE FINANCIAL SUCCESS OF OUR CRAN-
STONIAN FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS, WE
GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDI-
CATE THIS BOOK.

FOLLOW THE GLEAM!

Long ago, the knights of the Round Table made it their aim to seek the Holy Grail. Those who were worthy sometimes saw it gleaming from afar, and all their lives they followed the gleam. To them it was the only thing worth living for. As they went on their search, they made the world a better place in which to live. Even if they never found the Grail, people remembered the knights because of their goodness.

We have all read these stories of the Round Table and have looked upon them as myths. The Holy Grail has been used as a symbol for many things, but it has always implied beauty. The knights regarded the Grail as being the embodiment of all that was good. And such goodness is beauty. So may we make it our aim to follow the gleam of the Grail of beauty in all things.

We all love beauty when we recognize it, no matter in what form. There can be no one who has not dimly felt it in some great piece of literature, or music, or picture, just as the knights dimly saw the gleam of the Grail. Even if we cannot fully understand a poem like "Il Penseroso," we can feel the charm of the words and the music of the lines. Some of us may have read other things in the hope of understanding more clearly the beauty of words. The gleam leads on and on, and in its path we find something we can never lose.

Though everyone loves beauty, there are only a few who are gifted with power to create it on a large scale. These favored ones follow the gleam until one day they create some picture or poem or piece of music so inspired that the rest of us know that they have found the Grail. All that we less favored ones and less worthy ones can do is to spend our lives in seeking beauty. Even if we cannot do something wonderful, there are little ways in which we can create it in our friendships, in our surroundings, and in our character.

That there is such a thing as a beautiful friendship is shown by the Bible story of the friendship of David and Jonathan. In the Bible, too, we can find a description of charity. We have read it in morning assemblies in the hall many times. We might well take out the word "charity" and for it substitute "friendship." A friendship that suffereth long and is kind—that vaunteth not itself—that endureth all things—cannot help but bring one a little nearer to the Grail of beauty.

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By creating beauty in our surroundings we follow the gleam. Here in school it is being done in several ways. Picking up papers is a little way each individual can take to add towards beauty in his surroundings in school. If we obey the laws of the school cheerfully, we are creating school spirit, an abstract form of beauty. Different organizations of the school are thus following the gleam, too. The Student Council is doing it by trying to make regulations that will help the school. The Thrysus Club is doing it by producing only good and artistic plays. The English classes are doing it by having American Speech Week. In some way, they are all following the gleam.

These things seem trivial, however, as compared with the creating of beauty in character. We read that as the knights rode through the world in search of the Grail, they did all the good deeds they could, hoping that their reward would be the attainment of their ideal, because they would be worthy in character. If we do as the knights used to do, we are creating beauty in small ways, and the end cannot but mean some beauty in character, even if it does not mean perfection. Let us just remember for our encouragement that even if a good many of the knights never found the Grail, just because they had followed its gleam all their lives, they left the world more beautiful because they had lived in it.



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Class Motto

"There is no pathway of flowers leading to glory"

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SENIORS

The Hooks Gossip

It was a dark night in midsummer. Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled on the horizon as I hurried home along Park Avenue, before the storm should break. Suddenly a newspaper was blown in front of me. Some words on it caught my eye: "Big Addition to Cranston High School Well on Its Way." Forgetting the threatening storm, I immediately decided to go over to the High School from which I had graduated several years before, and see how it looked.

When I got there, the night watchman accosted me, and on hearing that I was an alumna of the school, invited me to go into the building and look around. I enthusiastically agreed and started.

As I walked slowly along the dark corridor and up the broad stairs, occasional flashes of lightning lit everything with a blue glare. It was very lonely and I felt rather uneasy. When I was half way up the stairs, I heard a curious, metallic sound that at first I thought was thunder until I distinguished voices. Someone—several someones—seemed to be upstairs! The noise suddenly stopped and I decided it must have been thunder. I arrived at Room 13 and stood for a minute looking in at my old home room. To my horror, I heard that harsh metallic voice again. "There's one of them," it said. "So it is," said another voice, curiously like the first one.

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I looked around, bewildered, trying to see from where the voices came. They apparently came from the empty dressing-rooms.

"She was mine," the voice went on. "I was her hook."

The hooks were talking! Was I dreaming? "Well," I thought, "it's just the kind of night for something weird to happen. I guess I'll sit on this step and listen."

"Yes, so you were. What a class that was! What good times it had! I was Marion Deane's hook—remember her? I wouldn't be surprised if she were a great artist or actress."

"How odd!" grated another voice. "I belong to another actress—Gertrude Potter. She was wonderful as the stately lady in the plays."

"Of course, we remember her," agreed another hook—in a voice that was very peculiar. It seemed to be trying to choke down a giggle.

"There it goes," said some one indulgently. "You know, my dears, a young lady used to hang her coat on it. The young lady was gifted—or afflicted—with a very acute sense of humor—very acute, indeed. The hook caught it—that's why it talks that way."

"Dorothy Clark," giggled the hook, "she laughed and the world laughed with her."

"I belonged to someone else like that—Tommy Wade," grated another voice nearer the stairway.

"You just wait till you hear who hung his coat on me! James Allenson, President of the Senior Class and Manager of the Hockey Team!" said another voice loudly.

"My, my! Well, you just listen to me. I was used by Miss Kathryn Keefe—basketball captain. What a forward she was!"

"Got your dues?" shouted another hook. "Who do I belong to?"

"Albert Johnson!" shouted the others.

"Yes, that was his mania. He was perfectly normal otherwise. But he made a good class treasurer."

"Talking about good officers! What about Helen Droitcour as class secretary and secretary of the G. A. A.? And she was smart in everything else besides," spluttered another hook.

"Well, I guess Arline Dyer was as smart as anyone anybody could mention. She was good at basketball, too. And remember the dance she managed? And her Latin translations were perfect *dreams*, so the girls said," the hook finished with an ecstatic sigh.

All the voices started to clatter at once, shouting their favorites:

"What about Lillian Blanding's English?"

"And Cumming's baseball?"

"And Dot Drowne's mathematics?"

"And Al Taylor's athletics?"

"Irving Bates' singing?"

I was so startled that I got up too hurriedly and fell downstairs with a terrible crash.

I opened my eyes. My mother was looking at me. "Goodness, did you hear that awful thunder clap? Your window was wide open during all this storm."

MARGARET RYDBERG, '24.

Our Memory Book in 1934

"Do you realize that it was just ten years ago this winter that our class divided?" questioned Estella, our old class president, who happened to be visiting me. As she uttered these words, I was turning the leaves of a green Memory Book, sadly worn by habitual use.

Our eyes wandered on to a white ticket pasted in the corner of a torn page, which read: "The Princess, presented by the 4A Class, December 12, 1923."

"What a beautiful princess Esther Thomas made!" remarked "Stell" after a moment of recollection.

"Yes," and can you ever forget what a 'prince charming' Bolan was?" I added laughingly.

"Your brother, Florian, certainly was a fine 'actress,'" "Stell" exclaimed.

Pondering for a moment over a scrap of wax paper on the same page, I suddenly caught its significance.

"Do you remember what delicious candy Janet used to make for our dances?"

"And how that candy sold!" added "Stell." "No wonder that our dances were so successful financially. Can you ever forget the 'Four Friends' Orchestra?' I wonder what orchestra Robert Asdikian plays in now?"

Evasive the query, I regarded two baseball tickets of '23 and '24 on the opposite page. "It certainly used to

get monotonous watching 'Vinne' Cummings strike home runs."

"Stell" glanced from the baseball ticket to a receipt reading—"Received payment from Ida Buonanno for class dues." We both agreed that Ida was a treasurer of unusual executive ability.

Turning the page, "Stell" laughed heartily as she observed a wrapper of "Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum."

"Surely you must have put that there," she asserted, "for a reminder of our old classmates, Eva and Louise."

An envelope with "Providence Opera House" printed on it, and "4A Theatre Party, January 19, 1924," in my own hand writing next attracted our attention.

"I don't believe I can ever forget that last 'ensemble' of our class," said I.

"At the time we thought we were selfish spending so much for ourselves," "Stell" recalled. "But it was proportionately little compared to the sum we liberally disbursed for our gift to the school library."

"A picture of Cranston High School as it use to be," I declared, beholding Cranston without the newly built addition.

"How they must be benefiting by the new library, gymnasium, lunch room, and auditorium!" "Stell" exclaimed, "which seemed but a golden dream to us."

DORIS BURBANK, February, '24.

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JAMES HORACE ALLENSON

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Hockey Manager (3) (4); Baseball (3) (4); Football
(4); Class Treasurer (3); Class President (4); Student
Council (4).

Hail to President Allenson,
Our leader staunch and true!
A smile has he for all who pass,
For Jimmy's never blue.
No matter what may happen,
This boy's always cool.
He played well on the ball-field,
And boosted up the school.

MYRNA IONE ALLARD

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3); Thrysus Club (1) (3); Minstrel
(2) (4).

Myrna is a blithesome lass;
Her laugh is heard in every class.
With spice and pepper she relates
Accounts of dances and of fêtes.
At lunch time she's right on the dot,
With calls for rolls and doggies hot.
We don't know what she hopes to be.
Whate'er it is, "Good luck!" say we.



ROBERT MOOSEK ASDIKIAN

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

"Rabbit" strums a banjo,
A car he used to drive
Until he tried while in it
To make a fancy dive.
Such a very busy body,
We wonder what he'll do?
How do you s'pose they'll treat him
When he drives into B. U.?

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HAZEL MARGARET BARNARD

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2).

Hazel scoffs at study,
She'd rather stay out late,
And have a *perfectly wonderful time*,
On every night a date.
Hazel sings divinely
When Cranston gives a play,
Hazel believes in helping all
Who come across her way.



IRVING LYNWOOD BATES

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Minstrel Show (2) (3); Chairman Executive Committee
(3); Assistant Hockey Manager (4); Business Manager
Cranstonian (4); Marshal (4).

Here you see our business man,
With talent enterprising.
In hockey he is quite a fan,
His singing's quite surprising.
By studies he's not worried much,
Though "solid" he is taking.
Perhaps in Wall Street none will touch.
The mark he'll soon be making.

LILLIAN EVELYN BLANDING

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (2) (3) (4).

A quaint, old-fashioned maiden
With talents not a few,
She radiates contentment
From eyes of sparkling blue.
A clever cook and seamstress.
A girl who tennis plays,
And therefore just the comrade
For camp on summer days.



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GILBERT DESMOND BRAZIL

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Good English League (1); Radio Club (3); Track (4).

Here's another quiet one
Who never makes a noise,
Except when in his Saxon,
The greatest of his joys.
He always seems quite busy,
In a store he works,
Some day he'll be a Woolworth,
Because he never shirks.

IDA JOSEPHINE BUONANNO

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4).
Class Treasurer (4).

In the winter Ida left us
To go to Teachers' College;
There she hopes by working hard
To scatter further knowledge.
When she lived at Cranston,
To all she was a friend.
We hope that in the future
Her joys may never end.



DORIS KINNICUTT BURBANK

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Dramatic Division (2); Good English League (1); Class
Executive and Social Committees (4).

A spirit we call peppiness
Keeps Doris on the run.
She's known for her vivacity
And for her love of fun.
Her hobby's taking photographs,
But Latin is her bane.
To win from her in argument
Would make a Webster vain.

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MARGUERITE CLARKE BURRELL

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Good English League (1).

Shall we mention her height and superior grace,
Her laughter and wit keen and quick,
Or the way that she speaks out before she has thought,
Or her nonsense rhymes?—just take your pick.
Like a real Sherlock Holmes she keeps on your trail
If your G. A. A. dues are unpaid;
A loyal and faithful companion to all
Is this bob-haired, impulsive, tall maid.



LOUISE MARIE CAPACE

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Good English League (1); Glee Club (3); Social Com-
mittee (4).

Here is one of our business girls,
She likes typing and shorthand, too.
She's noted for her kindness
And friends, more than a few.
So here's to your happiness, Louise,
And here's to your future success;
May your life be shunned by sorrow
And your gladness never be less.

DOROTHY LEE CHAMPLIN

G. A. A. (4).

Up from Warwick hailed a student,
Shy and quiet, bashful, too;
How she blushes when she's called on!
Modest maiden! Strange, but true.
But her light, hid 'neath a bushel,
Creeps from under every day,
For Dot says her firm belief is
"Undone lessons do not pay."



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RUTH HOWELL CHAMPLIN

G. A. A. (4).

Since summer Ruth's been with us.
From Warwick High she came;
We bet that in the future
To Cranston she'll bring fame;
For she wants to be Jane Austen
And Jessie Willcox Smith,
And we think that such ambition
Won't fade into a myth.

DOROTHY ALMY CLARK

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

Giggling she comes in the morning.
Giggling she goes at night.
She learns her lessons by guessing.
Her Latin she does at sight.
But if she never had come here,
Or if she had giggled less,
This school would have been quite dreary.
A giggle-less wilderness.



MALCOLM GUIBORD CLARKE

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Minstrel (3); Library Committee (4).

Conspicuous for silence,
Is quiet Malcolm Clark.
In his beloved hist'ry
He's verily a shark.
Dependable and busy,
Always with work to do.
Serene and calm his nature,
A steady lad and true.

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CHARLES GREENLEAF CLOUDMAN

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Cranstonian Board (3).

Anything like physics,
Any kind of math,
Is for Master Charlie
A smooth and easy path.
"Omnis vanitas" just
Fits him perfectly.
Now he's graduated,
Soon president he'll be.



JOHN HENRY CUDDY

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Hockey (2) (3) (4); Baseball (3) (4).

Although at mental labor
Jack doesn't seem to shine,
As hockey-champ and athlete
He certainly is fine.
On entering these portals,
He like a lion came,
But school his pep has drafted.
Now "lamb" should be his name.

VINCENT EMMETT CUMMINGS

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3);
Baseball (2) (3) (4); Football (4); Hockey (4);
Track (1) (2) (3) (4); Captain (4); Study Club (2);
Minstrel Show (4).

"Vinnie" is a quiet chap,
But his achievements show
That altho he doesn't say much,
He isn't very slow.
His specialty is sprinting.
(You ought to see him go.)
When running in a Marathon
He's feared by ev'ry foe.



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MARION VENTON DEANE

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Secretary (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Secretary (4); Dramatic Division (3) (4); Basketball (2) (3) (4); Graduation Committee (4); Good English League (1); Marshal (4).

A decorative actress
With perfect auburn hair.
Her printing's most artistic,
Her disposition's rare.
In basketball triumphant
She helps to win the game;
As one who beautifies our homes,
We know she'll make a name.

HELEN ANNA DROITCOUR

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Secretary (3); Thrysus Club (1) (3) (4); Library Committee (3); Class Secretary (4); *Cranstonian* Board (4); Good English League (1); Marshal (4).

Her studies never bother her;
She always has them done.
She shines in mathematics,
And French for her is fun.
We wish that we were like her
Instead of as we are,
For she keeps her little wagon
Hitched always to a star.



DOROTHY ESTELLE DROWNE

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Chairman Senior Executive Committee (4); Marshal (4); *Cranstonian* Board (4).

A wizard at geometry
Is Dorothy, tall and blonde;
Of algebra and chemistry
Inordinately fond
Honest and frank with everyone,
Outspoken, too, but kind,
You'll have to go a long, long way,
A friendlier girl to find.

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ARLINE GARDNER DYER

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Vice-President (3); Thyrus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Class Vice-President (4); *Cranstonian* Board (1); Student Council (3); Basketball (3) (4).

She trips about on dainty feet,
Her eyes are stars, her ways are neat.
The siren's voice is low and sweet.
With what delight in basketball
We watch her guarding in the hall.
Altho she's not so very tall.
Besides, she is a knowing lass,
Especially in Latin class.



MILDRED FEARNEY

Thyrus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); President (3); Marshal (4).

Pretty and witty and jolly is she,
With a smile and a twinkle for all,
Ready to help us where'er she may be,
And always at hand when we call.
Her laugh is as welcome as flowers in May,
Her frowns are infrequent and few,
Melodies sweet on the "uke" she can play
With a touch that quite fascinates you.

LILLIAN BEVERLY FISKE

G. A. A. (4); Thyrus Club (4).

A year ago there came from "Tech"
A slender, smiling girl,
With big brown eyes that twinkled
And black hair all a-curl.
As a player on the fiddle
We'll hear of her some day,
For she's on the path to glory,
And her smile will pave the way.



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RETA MAE FOLLETT

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (2) (3) (4);
Class Treasurer (2); Class Vice-President (3); Good
English League (1); Cranstonian Board (4).

Reta laughs and jokes
And smiles at one and all,
Plays the "uke" for all the folks,
Amusing big and small.
Reta studies much
And tries to get all A's.
Reta, too, can draw so well
She wins most hearty praise.

PRUDENCE ELLA GRINNELL

G. A. A. (3) (4); Thrysus Club (3) (4).

A quiet girl our Prudence
From nine till school lets out,
But after that she changes
And becomes a jolly scout.
She came up here from Foxboro
A year ago last fall;
And in that time she's learned to say
That Cranston's best of all.



REGINALD TAFT HAYWARD

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4) (5); Delegate to League (3);
Secretary (4); Football (3) (4) (5); Thrysus Club
(1) (4); Track (2) (3).

At "Reg" the girls all like to stare,
For he's a blond with wavy hair.
His disposition's very sweet.
He smiles at all whom he may meet.
In football "Reggie" plays full well.
His record—that we will not tell.
Sometimes he manages to bluff,
And that for him is quite enough.

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HOWARD STIMSON HORTON

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Student Council (4).

Studies occupy his time;
An earnest worker he.
Dependable and cheerful
He always seems to be.
Drawing is for him pure joy—
He does it very well.
Of his popularity
We very gladly tell.



MURIEL DORRANCE HOUGH

G. A. A. (4); Thrysus Club (4).

If you know her, you like her,
This tall, fair-haired lass.
She came here from Lincoln
Not very long past.
She doesn't like lessons.
They sadden her face;
But at tennis and swimming
She sets a fast pace.

ALBERT ROBINSON JOHNSON

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Assistant Class Treasurer (3); Class Treasurer (4);
Cranstonian Board (4).

A firm supporter of his class—
Our treasurer, in fact.
To get her class dues from a lass,
Al Johnson has much tact.
To argue he is very prone.
He questions all the day.
He loves the tone belligerent,
"Why this?" "Why that?" he'll say.



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HELEN MILDRED JOHNSON

G. A. A. (1) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Minstrel Show (3) (4); Library Committee (4).

Helen and Margie are pals,
And argue all thru the day.
You know when Helen you see,
Marge is not far away.
Helen hates oral themes,
But typing for her is fun.
So she'll be "some one's stenog"
When her four years here are done.

SARA ESTHER KAYJIAN

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

She spends her time at studies;
In history she's bright.
She loves to do her Spanish
And always has it right.
A slender, quiet (?) maiden,
With "raven" hair, and eyes
That look out gently at you,
Most innocently wise.



KENNETH EARLE KEACH

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Dramatic Division (3) (4); Executive Committee (4);
Good English League (2); Library Committee (4);
Football (4); Minstrel (3) (4).

Laughter and dames are the joy of Ken's life;
And he's skilled in football muddy.
But chemistry—that is for Kenneth a strife,
For he'd rather dance than study.
Ask for an actor—you'll find he's your man;
"Green Stockings" starred him last year.
No doubt he will win, with manners so bland,
At State College a charming career.

THE CRANSTONIAN

KATHRYN GERTRUDE KEEFE

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Head Collector (3); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Dramatic Division (2); Basketball (2) (3) (4); Captain (3) (4); Good English League (1); Graduation Committee (4).

Hail to the basketball captain,
A sportsman who's steady and fast!
Supporter of all of the school teams,
A friend who will stick to the last.
Jolly and lovable always,
Witty and mischievous, too.
What would we do without Kitty
To turn all our gray skies to blue?



WILLIAM JOSEPH KEEFE

Bill's been here half a year,
We wish it had been more.
His good work makes us feel
There's much for him in store.
He's worked hard at his English,
In law he outshines all.
He wants to be a dentist,
And enter Tufts this fall.

WARREN DEAN KENT, JR.

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Good English League (1); Head Collector B. A. A. (4);
Marshal (4).

He walks about discreetly,
A sombre lad and still,
He gathers in the taxes
Our treasury to fill.
He's seen at all class meetings,
He marshals well the hall.
I think he'll be a Coolidge.
For he seldom speaks at all.



THE CRANSTONIAN



LOUISE KENYON

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

She looks quite prim, at first, and good,
But this you'll soon deny.
Because you'll see she's full of fun
By the twinkle in her eye.
We like her for her cheerfulness
And for her friendly face;
Perhaps in high society
Louise will take her place.

EARLE HISTAND MADISON

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Dramatic Division (3); Orchestra (1); C. H. S. S. S.
(1); Radio Club (1); Class Treasurer (2) (3).

He thinks that lessons are a bore,
He'd rather have some fun.
His witty jokes and merry pranks
For him much fame have won.
He is so fond of sailing
That some day he may be
The captain of a squadron
Upon the briny sea.



ESTELLA MAY MARTIN

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Good English League (1); Library Committee (4); Class
Vice-President (3); Class President (4); Chairman Exe-
cutive Committee (4); Vice-Chairman Student Council
(4); Cranstonian Board (4); R. I. Honor Society, 1923.

A sunny girl is Stella;
An honor pin she wore
Before we made her President
Of the Class of '24.
A helpful miss is Stella,
With a will that does not quail.
If you try her mind to alter,
You certainly will fail.



THE CRANSTONIAN

AMEDEO MASTROBUONO

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4).
Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4); Minstrel (1) (2) (3) (4).

The trumpet he blows Monday mornings.
His lessons he does ev'ry day.
A fan at all of the ball games.
Though on none of the teams does he play.
He's an advertisement for "Slickum."
His hair so brightly doth shine.
With lady-like grace he can fox-trot.
In the movies we know he'd be fine.



ANNA MARGARET MCKINLEY

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Library Committee (3) (4); Good English League (1).

A gallant Miss Lochinvar out of the West;
In three years and a half she has won the speed test.
Having snatched from Rhode Island a good education,
She'll soon gallop back to develop the nation.
And whether she cooks or becomes a bright teacher,
We hope that our wish for good fortune will reach her.

JOHN RUDOLPH MEDVETZ, JR.

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4).
Minstrel (3) (4).

He's not attached to lessons.
Though fond of chemistree.
He labors in the lunch-room,
Then haunts the libraree.
He has led our physical training.
He has sung in a minstrel show.
John gives us the impression
That he knows all he cares to know.



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EVA MELONE

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (3) (4); Good English League (1); Glee Club (3).

We all have a worry, and all have a care;
But Eva thinks she has more than her share,
For English she sighingly doth confess
Is her constant trial and great distress.
In spite of this drawback we know she can smile,
And cheerful we see her each day for a while.
In the business world we'll see her soon;
To any office che'll be a boon.

PERRY JOHNATHAN MILLARD

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (2) (3) (4); Minstrel (4); Baseball (4); Track (4); Good English League (1).

As a gentleman of leisure
Perry is often known.
Except in Spanish classes
His talent's seldom shown.
His favorite indoor pastime
Is the light fantastic toe.
You'll see it at Arcadia
'Most any night you go.



ELSIE INGEBORG PALMER

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (3) (4); Library Committee (4); Cranstonian Board (4).

Of efficiency Elsie's a model
That business men greatly desire.
She will perfectly fit in the office
And never show traces of tire.
As she peers at you over those glasses,
You see that she's stylish and neat,
With a bit of Old Nick in her make-up
That makes her surprising and sweet.

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EVELYN MYLOD POPE

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (4); Library Committee (4).

Here is our Evelyn,
Good pal and true,
Ready to join us,
Whatever we do.
Friendly and faithful
In play and in work,
The hardest of duties
Unwilling to shirk.



GERTRUDE GRANT POTTER

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Secretary (2); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Dramatic Division (1) (2) (3) (4); Good English League (1); Basketball (2) (3); Library Committee (3); Cranstonian Board (4).

She won a "C" in basketball,
Forward we saw her play.
And on her English records
Is always marked an "A".
Dignified and gracious,
Superior in mien,
She treads our stage serenely
As dowager or queen.



JANET WARD READ

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Class Secretary (4); Executive Committee (4).

Janet is a gracious girl
Who never makes a noise.
She's the source of information
On prep or college boys.
She's clever at designing
And can pretty dresses make;
But for finding friends and keeping them,
Janet takes the cake!



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MARGARET REBECCA RYDBERG

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (2) (3) (4); Class Secretary (3); Good English League (1); Library Committee (3); *Cranstonian* Board (3) (4); Secretary and Chairman of Student Council (4).

Her laugh is merry, her voice is sweet,
Her manner is one that you like to meet:
She is clever, ingenious, and brilliant, too;
Her modesty's rivalled by very few.
A poet or editor she will be,
Or a language teacher of high degree,
Perhaps a librarian—who can tell?
For they say she loves her books full well.

LUCY EVELYN SCOTT

G. A. A. (1) (2); Thrysus Club (2); Minstrel (4).

Lucy is cheerful and happy and gay.
She's seen with her Myrna almost any day.
Her lessons don't hurt—they're the least of her worries
As from classroom to classroom she breathlessly hurries.
The second lunch period, at twelve forty-two,
She cries, "I don't know Economics, do you?"



FRANCIS JOSEPH TANNER

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (2) (3) (4); Minstrel (3); Good English League (1); Hockey (2) (3) (4); Football (2) (3); Baseball (2) (3).

A wonder on the diamond—
In hockey out to win—
A sportsman clean and clever,
Who in defeat can grin.
This curly-headed athlete
Is full of fun and wit,
With a sparkling sense of humor,
For the school he's done his bit.

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RICHARD ALFRED TAYLOR

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Vice-President (4); Thrysus Club; (4); Board of Control of School Athletics (3) (4); Baseball (2) (3) (4); Captain (4); Hockey (3) (4); Captain (4); Football (3) (4); Track (4); Manager (4); Marshal (4).

Al Taylor is an all-round star,
Quite equal to the best there are.
In football, baseball, hockey, all,
He has no failures to recall.
Quite popular with us—and why?
Because delightful to the eye,
With pleasing manners, blushes rare,
Tall and straight and debonair.



ESTHER COLEMAN THOMAS

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Basketball (2) (3) (4); Manager (3); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Good English League (1); Glee Club (2) (3); Class Executive Committee (4); Chairman Library Committee (4); R. I. Honor Society, 1923.

If you're ever in need of a car check,
Just give Esther Thomas a hint.
She can lend you a check or a dollar,
She's a regular walking mint.
An Honor Society member.
To her hard study is naught.
For her highly superior knowledge
Our Esther is frequently sought.



THELMA MAY URQUHART

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Hiking Chairman (4); Basketball (3) (4); Manager (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Minstrel (3); Orchestra (1) (2) (4); Good English League (2).

Our Thelma is a lively girl
With laughing eyes and a hair a-curl.
She tries to get her lessons done,
Although she's always fond of fun.
Center was she at basketball;
She played the fiddle in the hall.
We hope on leaving Cranston High,
Her fame will mount up to the sky.



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MARJORIE SARAH VICKERS

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3); Minstrel (3) (4).

To look at Margie's picture,
"A sober girl," you'd say.
Appearance is deceiving,
She's smiling all the day.
The Business Course she's finished
In three years and a half.
Some office soon she'll brighten
With her gay and merry laugh.

THOMAS DANIEL WADE

Thrysus Club (2) (3) (4); B. A. A. (2) (3) (4); Baseball (3) (4); Cranstonian Board (3); Track (4); Minstrel Show (4); Study Club (2).

For him the office has no fear,
He knows it far too well.
When he decides to favor us,
Gay jokes this lad can tell.
In size, he's not conspicuous
Except above the collar,
Which proves that some day he will make
His mark or else his dollar.



MARJORIE LOUISE WELLS

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Basketball (3) (4).

Marjorie shines in basketball,
Two years as guard she's played.
She smiles so wide and laughs so long
That many friends she's made.
Spanish is for her all fun;
She likes her Physics, too.
Of dances, games, and lightsome things,
She misses very few.

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VERA WILLIS

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Glee Club (1) (2).

Behold another toiler,
And one that's gifted, too.
For drawing well and singing
Are two things she can do.
An architect she may be,
Or else an opera star;
A second Galli-Curci,
Well known both near and far.



HENRY WISE

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thrysus Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Class Vice-President (4); Minstrel (3); Radio Club (1);
C. H. S. S. S. (1).

The baby of the Senior Class
Is little Henry Wise;
Who doesn't seem to grow an inch,
Although for height he sighs.
A conscientious student,
And a clever business fan,
He frowns when up against it,
Then smiles and plays the man.



Two Year Commercial Class History

MAY 31, 1930.

DEAR SIGNE:

I received your letter last week and was very glad to hear that you are making a great success in the business world. I always thought you would. The Child's Business College sent me a booklet in which appeared your name with a few words saying that you had won fifty dollars in a speed test given by the L. C. Smith Company.

You asked if I knew anything about any members of our class. Yes, in the last few weeks I have met a number of them. Monday when I came home from New York, I sat next to Jessie Ball on the train. She had just finished her course in dress-making and millinery, and was going to run a store on Mathewson Street and hire Miss Pagliarini as her bookkeeper.

I suppose you remember the only boy in our class, Daniel O'Brien. He had a radio store in Boston, at

first, but has now moved it to his home town.

Last week I went to see Elsie Carlson and was very glad to hear that she is working for Mr. Budlong, as head bookkeeper. A great surprise came to me when I was visiting her. It was announced over the radio that Harriet LeRiche, piano instructor, was to give her recital from station WJAR, Outlet Company, Providence. We were talking over the good old times we used to have in C. H. S. Later in the conversation she told me that Elsie Miller was working for Mr. Fenner.

Oh, I must tell you about Mildred Pike. She has married and lives in a big bungalow in Pawtuxet. When I was visiting her we noticed in the paper that Wilma Knoessl was acting as Rosalind in the play, "As You Like It," given by a theatre in New York.

Please let me help you send the invitations to that surprise party we are to have for Miss Barrett.

Your affectionate schoolmate,
HELEN BROWN.

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JESSIE MARY BALL

Commercial Club (1).

"A friend more divine than all divinities."



HELEN AUGUSTA BROWN

Commercial Club (1); Minstrel (1).

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."



ELSIE EVELYN CARLSON

Commercial Club (1); Minstrel (1).

"They laugh that win."

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SIGNE INGEBORG JOHNSON

Commercial Club (1).

"Her frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."



WILMA EMMA KNOESSEL

Commercial Club (1); Thrysus Club (1) (2).

"The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the air;
And though the sounds had parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense."



HARRIET LOUISE LERICHE

G. A. A. (1); Commercial Club (1) (2).

"Not much talk,—a great sweet silence."

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ELSIE LOUISE MILLER

"There is somebody staunch and true,
Who is always around when there's work to do."



DANIEL NELSON O'BRIEN

B. A. A. (1) (2); Class Vice-President (2); Thrysus Club (1) (2).

"The moderation of fortunate people comes from the calm which good fortune gives to their tempers."

ANGELA VERA PAGLIARINI

Commercial Club (1).

"As merry as the day is long."



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MILDRED IRENE PIKE

G. A. A. (1); Thrysus Club (1); Commercial Club (1).

"As gentle as zephyrs blowing below the violet."



MARGARET FLORENCE STUBBS

Class President (2).

"Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."

Coming Soon!

Ask Your Theatre Manager When They
will be Shown

Irving Bates, in "The Country
Kid."

Robert Asdikian, in "The Heart
Raider."

Al Taylor, in "The Victor."

Doris Remington, in "Rouged
Lips."

"The Clean-Up," featuring the
4A dance.

Jack Cuddy, in "The Way Men
Love."

Jimmie Allenson, in "Woman-
Proof."

"Where Is My Wandering Boy
This Evening?" featuring Tom
Wade.

Perry Millard, in "A Gentleman
of Leisure."

Gertrude Potter, in "Zaza."

"The Destroying Angel," with al-
most any teacher in the leading role.

"Why Worry?" starring Suran
Messerlian.

"Children of Jazz," featuring
Myrna Allard and Lucy Scott.

"Blow Your Own Horn," with
Charles Cloudman.

"Gimme," starring Albert John-
son.

"The Exciters," with Arline Dyer
as star.

"Out of Luck;" Dot Clarke in
leading role.

4B Class Officers



DOROTHY KNOTT
Treasurer

L. COOK
Secretary
J. MARTIN
President

ALVA ANDERSON
Vice-President

Radio Reports

"This is Station C. H. S. A. We are broadcasting this evening a program specially requested by the Alumni Association of Cranston High School. This school, as most of the "listeners in" know, has more noted graduates than any other of its size in the United States.

"The first person I wish to introduce is Mr. John Martin, who was President of the Senior Class and a star Latin pupil in High School. He is now President of the H. M. H.,

the best known Latin Association in the United States.

"We shall be favored next with addresses by Miss Elinor Margerum and Miss Mildred Latham, both Deans of large colleges. Their subjects, which concern the younger set especially, are as follows: 'Correct Sitting Posture,' and 'The Advantages of a Strong Voice in the Class Room.' I am sure both of these talks will be extremely interesting, as the lecturers speak from experience.

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"Mr. Francis Tanner will be the next speaker of the evening. The address will be particularly interesting to men because the subject is 'The Necessity of Vivacity and Initiative in Business.' Mr. Tanner has been very successful. I am sure he will be able to give some points to those who are just starting out into the business world.

"That the ladies may not feel neglected, we have a speaker this evening who will talk on a subject that is especially applicable to their sex; namely, 'The Art of Dressing and Curling Bobbed Hair,' by Miss Eleanor Parmelee.

The next group to address you will include Mr. Alvan Anderson, Mr. Louis Cook, Mr. Daniel Fitts, and Mr. George Ringler, who are American leading Musical, Chemical, Military, and Physical Instructors, respectively. Mr. Anderson has graduated from his Conservatory of Music more great artists than I could possibly mention this evening. By means of his chemical experiments Mr. Louis Cook has given the country many wonderful inventions, such as noiseless bombs. I am sure he intends to tell you about his remarkable achievements. Mr. Fitts, a graduate of West Point, is now the head of Fitts Military Academy. The aim of Mr. Fitts is to fit boys to live in a military atmosphere. Ringler's School for Physical Education is probably familiar to many, since it offers excellent courses in corrective exercises.

"The most popular spelling book for schools in the United States is the R. R. Spelling Book, whose author is Miss Ruth Rostedt. This evening she will explain to you the easiest way of learning how to spell such words as *xylophagous*, *ignomi-*

nious, *idiosyncrasy*, and easier words like *pharmacopoeia*.

"A topic quite different is to be discussed later by Mr. Robert Marshall, President of the International Radio Corporation. He has been very successful in his work with the radio, probably because he began, even in boyhood, to make sets for his friends. He has confessed that often during his high school days he worked on radios instead of solving mathematical problems or writing English themes.

"Following his address, Miss Majel Warren will give instructions to dancers. These probably will help you all, for she insists that stout people should dance to reduce, and thin people to gain in weight.

"Miss Winifred Fitts, a graduate of Wheelock School, Boston, will address you on 'The Training of Children.'

"If any of you have a headache from keeping the headphones on so long, listen to Dr. Ernest Barnes and Dr. Wallace McKenzie, who intend to speak to you on 'How to Keep Well and Strong.'

"We certainly have a varied program this evening, for the next person to be heard is Miss Ruth Barnes, a missionary worker in India.

"A few of the other speakers are Miss Evelyn Higgins, on 'Styles;' the Anderson Twins, on 'Books as Friends;' and Mr. William Prior, on 'Athletics as a Substitute for Study.'

"As you see, this is a very busy evening. I have summarized the program, and now each will be announced as he speaks. Please stand by!

"Mr. John Martin!"

DOROTHY KNOTT, Feb., '25.



Our Worthy Mascot

An educated Mascot
Should be desired by all.
We have one here in Cranston High,
To roam about our hall.

Her face is sometimes dirty,
Her feet are never white,
For sometimes in the coal-bin
She makes her bed at night.

She comes to call in class-time,
And wanders down the aisle.
The sternest teachers in the school
Cannot forbear a smile.

She is a modest little puss.
When snapshots we are taking,

She runs and hides and hangs her
head,
Accustomed haunts forsaking.

We seek her in the furnace-room,
The lunch-room, and the hall.
Exasperated, tired, and worn,
We find her not at all.

But when at last we find her,
We coax and coax in vain,
And buy a roast beef dinner
To bring her out again.

A worthy Mascot, all admit,
In dignity and brain.
Her manner, dear to all the school,
Is one of cold disdain.

DOROTHY CLARK, '24.

A Romance of the Revolution

All was quiet in the little antique shop on the corner. The old man, who dozed away his time behind the counter, had long since locked his door and gone home. Through the small dusty windows the moonlight fell softly on a cluttered array of scratched old chairs and tables covered with battered vases and knick-knacks. A mouse crept warily out of his hole, but scuttled back again, at the boom of the tall grandfather's clock in the corner, as it struck twelve. As the last stroke vibrated into silence a curious quiver seemed to pass over everything in the room. A little rocking chair started slowly to sway back and forth and then in a high squeak cried, "Hurry up! Wake up! We have no time to lose. It is the tall clock's turn to tell a story."

For a moment there was a thoughtful ticking which no one, not even the impatient little chair, dared to interrupt. Then it began:

"It was shortly after the beginning of the Revolution that my adventure occurred. I had been brought over from England and had been standing for some time in the wide hall of an old Massachusetts home. Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, the owners of the house, were staunch Tories, but I was not so sure of their pretty eighteen-year-old daughter, Penelope. To all outward appearances she was as loyal as the rest, but my doubts would come as I caught sight of her through the front door, down by the gate, giving some poor Continental soldier from Washington's poverty-stricken army a bit of a cake or a knitted scarf.

"One day in early spring, when Mr. and Mrs. Meredith were away, Penelope was left to take care of the house. Taking her knitting and leaving the front door open, she went out to sit on the front steps where it was warm and sunny. From my corner in the hall I could see the huge old elm tree down by the gate with the mellow rays of the late afternoon sun striking through it and making patterns on the dusty road. For about fifteen minutes nothing disturbed the silence of the afternoon calm, except my slow ticking.

"Suddenly I heard the crunch of footsteps on the road, and then up the path sprang a young man. Penelope jumped to her feet and stared in amazement at a boy with ruffled, auburn hair and pleading, anxious face. He stood there a moment, trying to get his breath.

"'I beg your pardon,' he managed to gasp at last, 'but it's absolutely necessary that you hide me. The Tories, you see—'

"Penelope's face showed very plainly that she did not see. Her nose tipped disdainfully in the air and for one sickening moment I actually thought she was going to refuse to aid him. But then, as if on second thought, she seized his hand, and, to my great amazement, led him into the hall straight up to me. Now you know I am a very old-fashioned clock, with room behind my pendulum for a person to stand upright. Penelope opened my door and gave the lad a little push, and cried, 'Get in there quickly and do stand still.'

"Quick as a flash the young man stepped in and Penelope closed the

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door. Hurrying back to the steps, she picked up her knitting again, as a moment later six red-coats rode up to the gate. Except for her heightened color, I should never have known that she was at all disturbed. As for me, however, when I heard the leader of the band say, 'Of course, Miss Meredith, we know that you would never harbor a rebel; nevertheless, we have been ordered to search every house on this road for Anthony Merrill,' and when with Penelope's consent they all tramped into the hall, I nearly stopped ticking with fright. 'Oh!' I thought, 'I must keep my ticking natural. I mustn't give him away when Penelope is so brave and wonderful.'

"But after all my determination, when the Captain turned swiftly and looked sharply at my face, I am positive that my hands trembled, although all he did was to grunt and say:

"'Come on, men; no use wasting our time here. It's half-past five already. Good-bye, Miss Meredith. Sorry to have disturbed you.'

"After the echo of their horses' hoofs had died away, Penelope released the rebel.

"'I can never thank you enough for what you have done for me,' said he, as they walked towards the door. 'Now I can get some papers through

to headquarters in safety.' And then, more softly, looking down at her. 'I don't know why you did it, but I'll never forget.'

"Taking her hand, he bent swiftly, kissed it, and hurried out. Penelope stood looking after him, and this time the flush in her cheeks did not come from fear of the Tories.

"That was the last I saw of Anthony Merrill for a long time, but in a month or two he was stationed in that district, and, as you may surmise, I saw a great deal of him.

"One warm August evening, when the moon was scattering just the palest gold beams of light through the honeysuckle vine on the piazza, I heard Anthony ask Penelope to marry him. After the war was over, they went away, and for a long lonely time I saw nothing of them. But one happy day some men came and moved me away to a little house down the street and set me up in state in the front hall. There I stood to the end of their days. I think that they loved me best of all the fine old things in the house, for it was I that had ticked romance into their lives.

RUTH CHAMPLIN, '24.

(The above story received honorable mention in a short story contest open to all members of the school.)



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NAME	NICKNAME	DISPOSITION	CONSPICUOUS FOR	PROBABLE FATE
M. Allard	"Bobby"	Outspoken	Bushy hair	Light-house keeper
J. Allenson	"Jimmie"	Shy	Absence	Movie actor
R. Asdikian	"Rabbit"	Happy	Banjo playing	Magician
H. Barnard	"Speed"	Sincere	Singing	Countess
I. Bates	"Batesie"	Pleasing	Curly hair	Mathematician
L. Blanding	"Lil"	Sweet	Inarticulation	Famous speaker
G. Brazil	"Brazil"	Friendly	Flivver	Ford expert
I. Buonanno	"Ide"	Jovial	Pretty curls	Hair demonstrator
D. Burbank	"Dot"	Capricious	Energy	Photographer
M. Burrell	"Burrell"	Merry	Height	Circus clown
L. Capace	"Lou"	Sensitive	Tiny voice	Nurse
D. Champlin	"Dot"	Quiet	Poetry	Elocutionist
R. Champlin	"Rufus"	Congenial	Mellow voice	Hair-bobber
M. Clark	"Clarkie"	Serious	Backwardness	Dancing master
D. Clarke	"Dockie"	Happy-go-lucky	Giggles	Deaconess
C. Cloudman	"Cloudy"	Self-assertive	Latest fashions	Beau Brummel
J. Cuddy	"Jack"	Outspoken	Skill in hockey	Geologist
V. Cummings	"Vinnie"	Witty	Three-baggers	Physical director
M. Deane	"Mye"	Amicable	Artistic ability	Aesthetic dancer
H. Droitcour	"Lena"	Prepossessing	French translations	Designer
D. Drowne	"Dot"	Frank	Mathematical mind	Singer
A. Dyer	"Polly"	Bright	Latin translations	Cook
M. Fearney	"Mil"	Sunny	Sense of humor	Essayist
L. Fiske	"Billy"	Modest	Pleasing personality	Basketball coach
R. Follett	"K"	Unconventional	Gracefulness	Tight-rope walker
P. Grinnell	"Peg"	Calm	Thick hair	Senator
R. Hayward	"Reggie"	Agreeable	Fair complexion	Prize fighter
H. Horton	"Howie"	Accommodating	Slenderness	Politician
M. Hough	"Bob"	Jolly	Snappy clothes	Excavator
A. Johnson	"Al"	Inquisitive	Arguments	Life-saver
H. Johnson	"Johnny"	Easy-going	Stubbornness	Private secretary
S. Kayjian	"Kay"	Charming	Delicate features	Spanish interpreter
K. Keach	"Ken"	Suave	Dramatic talent	Farmer
K. Keefe	"Kitty"	Amiable	Basketball playing	Boarding-school matron
W. Keefe	"Bill"	Ambitious	Height	Aviator
W. Kent	"Gimp"	Gay	Originality	Star-gazer
L. Kenyon	"Lou"	Sportive	Vivacity	Missionary
E. Madison	"Earle"	Joyful	Wood-work	Chef
E. Martin	"Stella"	Stubborn	Good-nature	Phrenologist
A. Mastrobuono	"Amadeo"	Pleasant	Shiny hair	Archaeologist
A. McKinley	"Anne"	Talkative	Long arms	Dancing teacher
J. Medvetz	"Johnny"	Friendly	Green sweater	Congressman
E. Melone	"Eve"	Quiet	Coiffure	Hairdresser
P. Millard	"Millie"	Complacent	Easy-going manner	Animal trainer
E. Palmer	"Eppie"	Placid	Shyness	Acrobat
H. Person	"Whitey"	Bashful	White hair	Theatre manager
E. Pope	"Ev"	Sweet	Round face	Stenographer
G. Potter	"G"	Practical	Red hair	Toe dancer
J. Read	"Jane"	Sympathetic	Sewing	Waitress
M. Rydberg	"Becky"	Excitable	Brilliancy	Contortionist
L. Scott	"Scottie"	Sincere	Long skirts	Manicurist
F. Tanner	"Red"	Good-natured	Freckles	Sailor
A. Taylor	"Al"	Pleasing	Ruddy complexion	Mechanic
E. Thomas	"Tommy"	Independent	Generosity	Bare-back rider
T. Urquhart	"Honey"	Joyous	"Raspberries"	Dodge demonstrator
M. Vickers	"Margie"	Frank	Brevity	Mannequin
T. Wade	"Tom"	Self-confident	Wit	Tennis champion
M. Wells	"Betty"	Merry	Vivacity	Old maid
V. Willis	"Willie"	Peaceful	Boston bag	Butterfly expert
H. Wise	"Henny"	Jolly	Innocence	Elephant tamer

K. D. K. A.

Fire Protection

The urgent need for adequate fire protection is one that should be given our most enthusiastic support. The destruction by fire of the high school in the neighboring town of Warwick and the disastrous blaze at the Valentine Almy School on the same day emphasize the seriousness of the situation.

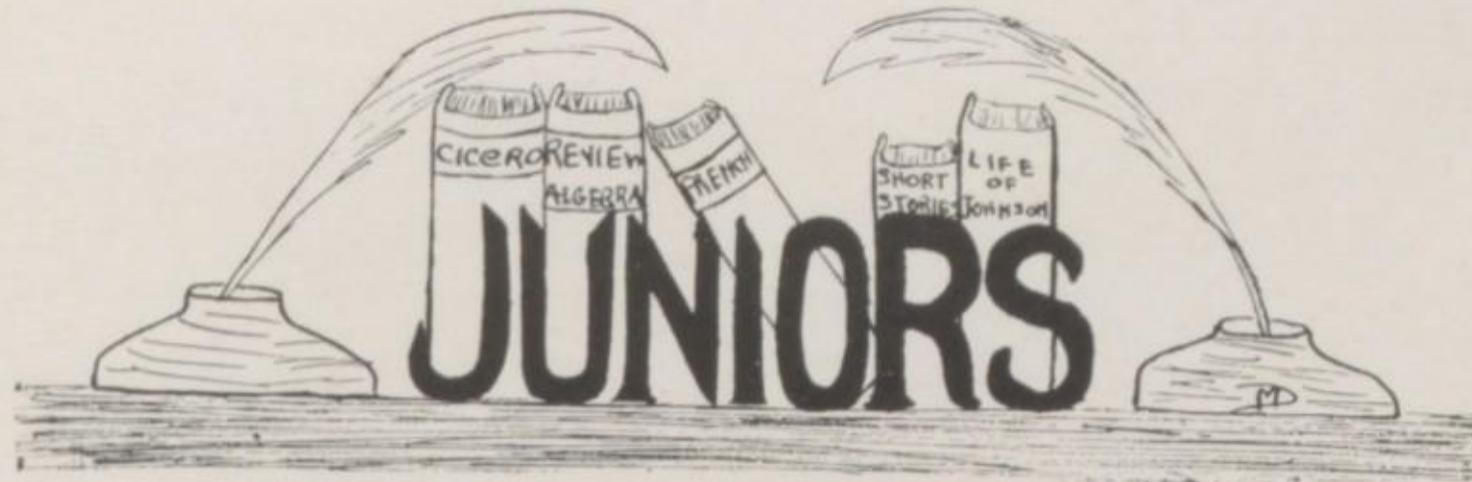
Cranston High School is not fire-proof. On the contrary, its wooden construction and narrow, enclosed stairways make it a fire hazard of the worst kind. These conditions do not apply, of course, to the new wing on the east end of the building, and a blaze in this part would probably gain little headway if discovered in time. If, however, a blaze in the old part of the building should reach such proportions as that in the Valentine Almy School, it is doubtful if the new addition, in spite of its superior construction, would be able to withstand the intense heat. The possibilities of a serious fire during the day, when a staff of janitors is in attendance, are slight. The possibilities of a serious fire at night, however, are considerable. The destruction of the two schools mentioned above occurred in the late evening and early morning, when the buildings were deserted. The danger of a similar occurrence at Cranston High School cannot be overcome by the employment of a single watchman. Safer and more certain measures of protection must be secured.

Because of efficient and systematic fire drills, the possibility of loss of life is extremely small if a fire should occur during the school session. The

danger would be exceedingly great, however, if a fire should occur upon the occasion of an evening entertainment or other social event, when the assembly hall on the third floor of the building is crowded with more than five hundred persons. The possibility of the corridors and stairways becoming filled with smoke would make it almost impossible for every one to leave the building in safety. If the school should be destroyed without fatal results, the financial loss to the city would be stupendous. Not only would it require several hundred thousand dollars to erect a new structure, but the loss of educational facilities to the more than six hundred students, although temporary, would be considerable. The school library, together with valuable records and furnishings, would be destroyed, so that many years of effort on the part of the faculty and students would be necessary to restore it.

It is encouraging to learn that the School Committee has realized the unsatisfactory situation and has taken the first step forward by advocating a sprinkler system. Sprinklers are sure, they are safe, they are reliable. Every fire is small when it starts. Sprinklers will extinguish a blaze at its source. When the fire starts, the water starts, and an alarm is sounded automatically as soon as the water begins to flow, summoning immediate assistance. The action of the School Committee in asking for this kind of protection is decidedly important.

ROBERT BOLAN, '23.



Who's Who in 1935?

One day in February, 1935, after a long absence from Providence, I stepped into the Elmwood Library. As I was hunting for a book, one of the librarians came towards me, smiling.

"Why, 'Mim'," she said, "it's so long since I've seen you! How are you?"

"I'm fine, Christine. It seems so good to see you. What have you there?"

"This is a book I know you will be interested in. I shall be very busy for a few minutes; then I will come back and read it with you."

To my surprise, the volume was "The Future of the Class of 1925," written by Lillian Aldrich in 1924. Instantly I was absorbed in its contents.

I had hardly finished reading the first prophecy when Christine came back.

"Dot Jones' name is first," I said. "A career as an opera singer is predicted for her, but really she is teaching Physical Training in the new Gym at dear old C. H. S."

We turned to the following page, on which was Grace Law's name. Christine spoke: "Grace is a dietician now. She took the Household Economics course at college; and what

does her prophecy say? That she will be a domestic science teacher."

The next two highly amused us.

"What a queer coincidence!" I cried. "It says that Harry Sklut will be an actor, and Dick Conklin a lawyer, but I heard the other day from Pauline Gleason that Harry is a lawyer, and Dick an actor in the company of Sothern and Marlowe."

I went on reading aloud: "Leah Spencer is an attendant in a beauty parlor."

"Oh," interrupted Kisses, "I received a letter from Leah yesterday. She has gone into high society, and is having a wonderful time."

Here is Ivah Towne's prophecy. It says she has taken her aunt's place and is teaching French at C. H. S."

"I saw Florence Alford about a year ago," I said, "and she told me that Ivah was an interior decorator. Florence is a Girl Scout leader, and so is Mildred Quimby. Don't you think that Frannie Bowerman's prophecy suits her exactly? Do you remember the unique drawings she used to produce for the G. A. A. and for the *Cranstonian*? Her prophecy says she will be an artist."

"The Future of the Class of 1925" also states that Eloise Taber

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3A Class Officers



GRACE LAW
Treasurer

CHRISTINE WHITMORE
Student-Council Representative

H. SKLUT
President

DOROTHY JONES
Vice-President

IVAH TOWNE
Secretary

and Evelyn O'Brien are to be followers of Miss Holt, teaching Caesar and Cicero at C. H. S."

We both laughed when we read of Frank Jenison's career: "We must agree that Frank Jenison, a teacher at Sockanosset, will make a success as a disciplinarian."

"Have you ever seen any of his editorials in the Evening Bulletin?" I asked Christine.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I wasn't in the least surprised when I heard of his appointment as editor."

"Last night I heard Gwendolyn Pettis, now a famous violinist, play over the radio. I also heard Kathryn Eitel sing."

"Speaking of radios," Christine said, "here's one person whose prophecy is right. Last evening I heard

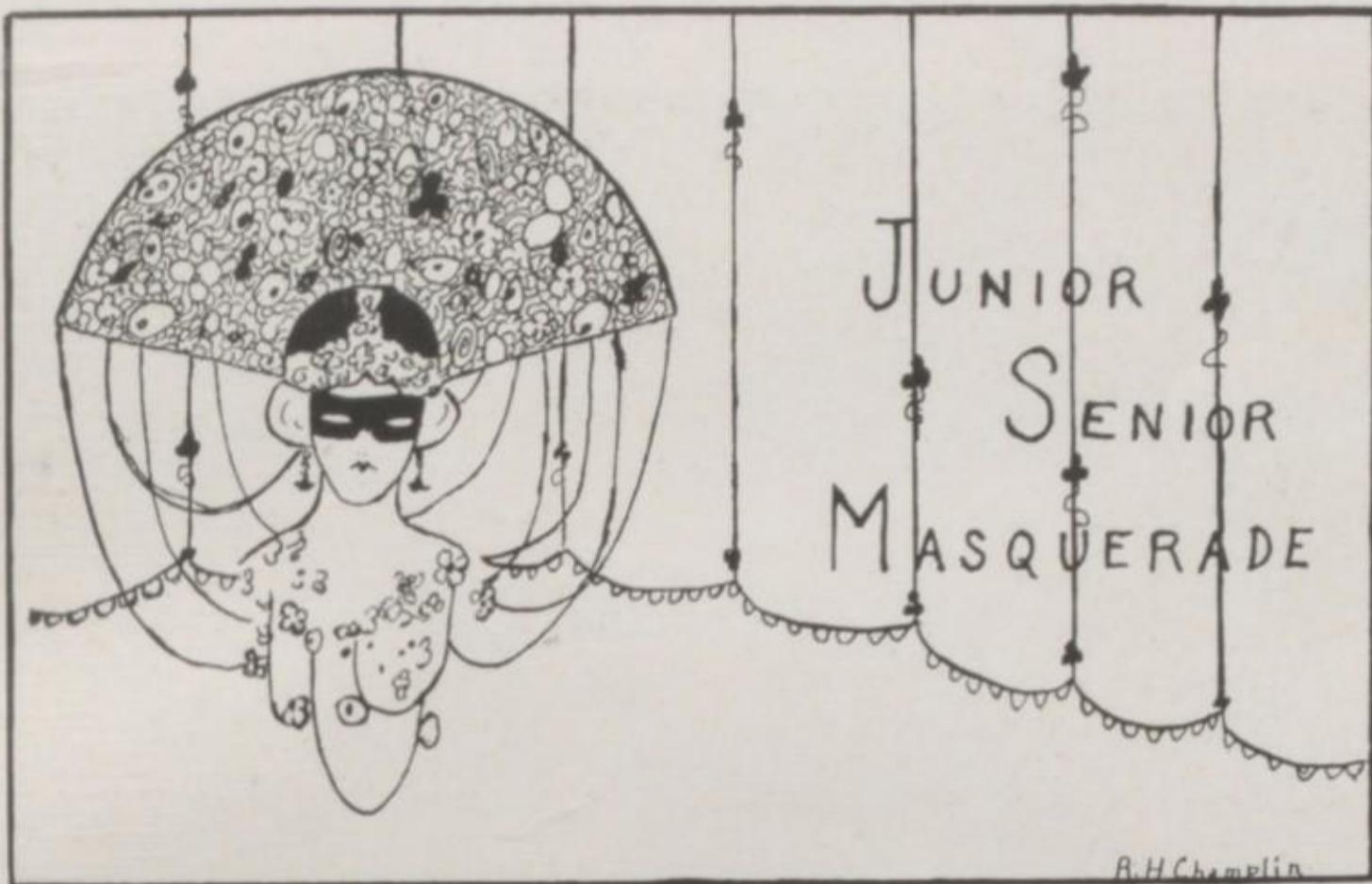
Gardner Anthony speaking. One might call him a second Roxie."

"Last, but not least, is Lucie Collins. Her prophecy states that she is to be married to Ramon Navarro. But really she is still single. I saw her out walking the other day, and she said she was taking care of a millionaire's young son and daughter."

Just as we finished, Christine was called away on some duty, and with a hurried "I'll call you up," she left me.

I closed the book, my mind full of pleasant memories, but a glimpse of Christine busy at her work brought me back to a realization of the present, and I thought, as I left the library, "What a queer thing fate is!"

MIRIAM HOPE, 3A.



On the evening of January 11, Cranston High School, gorgeously decorated with green and white festoons, welcomed all Juniors who had paid their class dues, and all Seniors to her old-time celebration, the Junior-Senior Masquerade.

Masked convicts from every country in Europe found refuge in Cranston. Mah Jonggs stealthily crept about in pairs, hoping to keep their disguise unknown. With all the grace of feminine charm, a society "gent" swaggered to and fro; while close by a Spanish girl tripped the masculine stride with an Indian squaw. Coy sun-bonnet lassies smiled sweetly at a little boy blue. Stray clowns afforded amusement to the spectators. Colonial dames watched with admiration cowboys,

Arabian chiefs, and cavaliers. The spirit of '76 was present in many forms. World war soldiers and sailors deserted their American girls for Mexican, Turkish, and gypsy queens.

The entrancing music furnished by the Brown Jazz Orchestra transported all to the country which they represented. Until the intermission at ten o'clock, all not in costume were deprived of the right to dance. Several brave students claimed the right, for a few moments only, and one, more clever, won the right by resurrecting an old janitor's uniform. After the intermission and refreshments, dancing filled the next hour until eleven o'clock, when the most enjoyable evening of the year ended.

DORIS BURBANK, '24.

3B Class Officers



President
K. READ
AUDREY WATSON
Secretary

Vice-President
LOUISE McNAMARA
H. DROITCOUR
Treasurer

My Talk with Father Time

It had been a tiresome day. I had just settled myself before the fire to enjoy an hour before bed-time, when suddenly, out of space, appeared an old, old man, dressed in long, flowing robes and closely resembling Father Time. He spoke in a slow monotone, saying:

"Tonight before it is too late,
I will disclose your classmates' fate.
Whom first dost thou prefer to see
As in ten years he'll look to thee?"

"Can you really reveal the fu-

ture?" I exclaimed. "I am so glad that I have found someone who really knows! Tell me about our class president, Kingsley Read. I never could imagine what fortune held for him."

"Of our great nation he'll be the head,

A leader wise he'll make, 'tis said."

"He certainly made a great president at school. I am glad that the world appreciates him. Luck be with you, Kingsley! Now let me

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hear of our secretary, Audrey Watson."

"She many wonderful books will write,

And thus to the ignorant give light."

"That sounds like Audrey, and I'm sure we shall have just reason to be proud of her. Mary Quinn did well in English also. Don't you remember her,—the tall red-headed girl?"

"She will be a housewife fine,
And how her kitchen ware will
shine!"

"The man that gets Mary certainly will be lucky. She is so quiet and dependable. Who would make a better wife?"

"Have you something to say about Belle Daneker?"

"Her achievements will not be few:
Many kinds of work she will do."

"She always did like variety. Mat Evers was changeable, too. Will he try his hand at several things, also?"

"Congressman Evers will be called great,
For 'Shorter Hours' he will advocate!"

"My goodness, doesn't that sound like him? He was always trying to get out of school early. Kitty MacKay was just the opposite. Many times she has stayed a whole hour after school just to keep some one company. Do you know what she will do?"

"She will invent a tonic for hair,
Something to make it curly and fair."

"I shouldn't be surprised if she has it completed now. Her hair certainly is the envy of us girls, and so is Elsa Maertens. By the way, what will her fate be?"

"She will be staunch for women's rights;

We shall hear of her oft in political fights."

"She always was a great leader. It is useless to wish her luck, for she always had it. Something seems to tell me that Earle Hughes' future must be revealed next. You must forgive his domineering ways. He really is nice when you know him."

"Hughsy and Lowe will be boot-leggers sly,
And all the officers they will defy."

"That doesn't sound like our dignified classmates. Egbert and Earl, of all people! It certainly is the unexpected that always happens. I wonder what I shall hear about Howard Droitcour?"

"Howard as a radio star
Will gain renown from near and far."

"It would just suit him to be called 'Famous Droitcour,' and be looked after and admired as he passed. I shouldn't be surprised if May Hanson was famous some day. What will she do?"

"May Hanson will be a great Latin professor;
Of many degrees she will be the possessor."

"I expected as much. She certainly is clever. And another clever one is Louise MacNamara. Is her future bright?"

"Louise as an English teacher will shine;
At teaching the Freshmen she will be fine."

"Louise always was great at English. I expected to hear of her as an authoress. Tell me about her friend, Winifred Spooner.—I must not forget her!"

"Winifred will traveling go,
And six whole inches she will grow."

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"Yes, I believe Winnie would like to travel, and I know she would like to grow. Can you tell me what Malmborg's lot will be?"

"Carl in an orchestra will sit; By playing the flute he'll make a hit."

"He is talented in music, but I never thought he would choose it for his life work. Joy be with you, Carl! Will Ouren's career be as interesting?"

"A famous historian he will be; In politics often his name we shall see."

"I am surprised. He always was so quiet in school, but I expected to hear of Ruth Grant's name in politics. Shall I?"

"Grant's Beauty Parlors will she run, These things to her will be great fun. By bobs, shampoos, and manicures, too,

She'll make the faded look like new."

"She is adapted for that, but I'm sorry she didn't aim higher. Will fortune favor Doris Potter?"

"She'll be owner of fifteen candy shops, And will get fat sampling the sweet gumdrops."

"She would like that, but who wouldn't? Sweets to the sweet, Doris. O. Webster Whitman! I almost forgot him."

"He will be a doctor brave; Many patients he will save."

"I always imagined he had high

ideals. Many a life he has saved at school by helping some poor unfortunate with algebra! Charlotte Halloran and Barbara Nichols were kind hearted also. What will their fate be?"

"As Red Cross nurses, will they work?

Never will they their duties shirk."

"They are loyal workers now. They are the kind that we are proud of. Marion Davis' future is still left to be revealed."

"Marion will be a Movie star; All others she will exceed by far."

"She is fitted for that. I always knew her name meant something great. Samuel Philips,—among the last as usual. What will his fortune be?"

"All through life he will be late; Because of this he will never be great."

"I certainly am disappointed in him. The habits he has formed at Cranston will stick to him. Tell me about—"

"My time is short; I cannot wait To disclose the other members' fate; But this at least I do recall, Success will bless them one and all."

"What, twelve o'clock and the fire almost out! How stiff I am! But what a strange dream! I wonder how much of it will come true?"

RUTH E. MARTIN, 3B.



The Reform of Simon Wheeler

(The following story received honorable mention in a recent short story contest offered by the Boston Traveler.)

In a little white farm-house on the outskirts of Peacedale, lived Simon Wheeler and his wife, Jane. Simon was short, thin, and exceedingly timid; but Jane was the very opposite, tall, stout, and vigorous.

Early one August night, Simon ventured to tell his wife that he was going to the village store to buy some tobacco.

"Oh, all right! Go along!" answered his wife, eyeing him suspiciously. "But don't you dare go into Bill Sloane's saloon. You know what happened the last time you were drunk. You fell into the well and were the laughing-stock of the whole town for a couple of weeks afterward. Goodness knows what will happen if you get drunk again."

"Yes, yes, Jane. I am just going to get some tobacco," repeated Simon weakly. "I don't intend to go into the saloon."

"Well, see that you don't do it then," ejaculated Jane. "Remember what the preacher said about drinking. He said that it's one of the Devil's own plans to tempt a person, and once he gets a good grip on you he'll hold on tight."

"Yes, Jane," replied Simon, hurrying through the door. "I remember."

While walking up Main street, near Sloane's saloon, he met Jake Moody, an old pal of his.

"Hello, Si, old man!" cried Jake, slapping him on the back. "How is everything on the farm?"

"Oh, fine, fine," answered Simon, his little face brightening with pleasure. "We haven't had much rain, and we have almost all the hay in the barn. The hens—"

"But where are you going now? To Sloane's?"

"N-no, Jake," answered Simon quickly. "I am just going up to the store to get some tobacco."

"Oh, come on in and have a drink," Jake urged, taking him by the arm.

"I can't, Jake. I'm in an awful hurry," he protested feebly, glancing longingly towards the saloon.

"Come on. A few drops won't hurt you. You look terribly weak and pale, almost dead. A little whiskey will put some life into you. Come on," he added, pushing poor Simon into the saloon.

Simon drank one glass of whiskey after the other, as if he were dying of thirst. Soon he was quite drunk, more drunk than he had ever been before. One man declared that Simon was so drunk you couldn't have any fun with him. He staggered around the room, and soon made his way out of it. Jake Moody, feeling responsible for Simon's condition, hurried out after him.

"Come home with me, Si. You know what your wife would do if she saw you like this. It's best that you spend the night with me in my shack," he said.

"All right," muttered Simon thickly.

They soon arrived at Jake's shack, which was not far from the Merrimac river. Jake, feeling very drowsy, immediately lay down and went to

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sleep. Simon, on the other hand, looked around for a blanket in which to wrap himself. He finally pulled out of a corner a large fish net. He put it around himself, thinking it was a blanket. Then he tottered out of the shack and lay down on the grass. When he had slept there for about an hour, he felt two hard points sticking into him. Then he was lifted high into the air. He dropped on the ground with a groan. He felt some hot breath on his face. He was lifted into the air and fell to the ground the second time. He was tossed about like this for a while before collecting his senses. Then he thought of his wife's warning, and of the preacher's words about whiskey and the Devil.

"Oh, oh, he's got me! Help! The Devil's horns are sticking into me. He won't let me go! Help me! Ow! Somebody help me!" screamed Simon, kicking and struggling to get out of the entangled fish net. Instead, he was thrown into the air and landed on the ground with a cry. He heard the sound of heavy feet running.

"Oh! He has gone!" panted Simon, shaking with fright. "He let me go! Ow! He hurt me. I know I'm bleeding all over. Suppose he comes back. I must go home. I don't dare to stay here. Where's Jake? Probably he got him also. I must hurry before the Devil comes back!"

Simon slowly rose from the ground. His bones were aching and he was shivering all over. Somehow he managed to drag himself home and wake Jane.

"That you, Simon?" she asked, opening the door for him. "It's

about time you came home. It's after twelve now."

"Yes, Jane," he groaned. "I'm sore."

"What in the world is the matter with you? You look like a ghost. What's that fish net around you for?" she demanded, staring at him with her mouth wide open. "Oh, I know. You're drunk and you have been up to some of your crazy stunts again. Huh?"

"Oh, no, Jane," he said brokenly. "It was the Devil. He got a hold of me. Oh, I'm never going to touch whiskey again. No, never, Jane. I'll tell you all about it."

Then he related his experience from beginning to end.

"But, Simon," said Jane, "it couldn't have been the Devil. It was something else, I'm sure."

"No, it wasn't, Jane," answered Simon, positively. "I felt his sharp horns sticking into me, and his hot breath on my face. The way I was thrown into the air was terrible!"

"Where was Jake Moody at that time?" asked Jane, thoughtfully.

"Oh, he was sleeping soundly."

"Simon, does Jake still keep cows?"

"Yes, he keeps some fine Jersey cows," he answered. "Are you going to buy some, Jane?"

Jane's shoulders were shaking with laughter. She now knew what Simon's Devil was. It was one of Jake's cows which he kept out at night.

"I guess the cow's horns caught in the net," she chuckled to herself.

"What are you saying, Jane? What are you laughing at? Oh, you

don't need to believe it then, but it's true," he said, looking at her angrily.

"Yes, I do believe it," she declared. "but don't ever tell anyone about it. You know they will only laugh and make fun of you. Aren't you going to Sloane's tomorrow?"

"I go to Sloane's?" he asked in dismay. "No. I shall never taste whiskey again. I swear I never shall, Jane."

And he never did.

ELIN MALMBORG, '25.

The Radio Bug

The radio bug is flying around;
Look out or he'll bite you, too.
His bite isn't painful, but even then
You won't like it when he bites
you.

A queer looking thing is the radio
bug,
With waves in his hard rubber
back.
He's round with a voice like the
squawk of a cat,
And a tail that's a cat whisker
black.

His eyes are terrible, staring things,
For they're lit by a big battery;
But his ears are the awfullest things
of all,
For two shiny, new ear-phones
has he.

He hasn't a mouth, for he just likes
to hear,
But he bites with his long an-
tennae,
And when you've been bitten by this
queer insect,
A radio bug you will be.

MARGARET RYDBERG, '24.

From Merchant of Venice

A scene from "The Merchant of Venice," hitherto unprinted in the regular editions of Shakespeare.

Scene—Tubal's house in the Hebrew quarter of Venice. Enter Shylock and Tubal.

TUBAL—Welcome, Shylock, my most honored tribesman. What brings you to my house on this day?

SHYLOCK—I bring you good news, Friend Tubal. I hold some Christian dogs in the hollow of my hand.

TUBAL—That, Shylock, is the best news I've heard since I made nine thousand ducats on the slave deal. Tell me more. I thirst for news against the Christians.

SHYLOCK—Perchance you know the dog Antonio and his friend, Bassanio?

TUBAL—Aye, aye, the most spiteful of the unbelievers.

SHYLOCK—I am glad you agree with me, friend Tubal. Certainly you know of the great riches of Antonio?

TUBAL—Indeed, I envy him with all my heart even if he is an unbeliever.

SHYLOCK—Well, I no longer envy him. All his ships are at sea; all his money is tied up. Some time ago his friend Bassanio came to him for money. Antonio, not wanting to disappoint his friend, told Bassanio to borrow the money from me on his credit. Ho! What could be better, friend Tubal?

TUBAL—Very fine news, indeed, brother; but what bond did you re-

quire? Surely you do not trust the Christian dogs?

SHYLOCK—No, no, I am no fool. The bond is to be a pound of flesh, cut off from any part of Antonio's body.

TUBAL—Superb. That almost satisfies my craving for vengeance. Let us hope his ships do not come into port when they are expected.

SHYLOCK—But, friend Tubal, there is something I forgot to tell you. I myself am short of money, and I thought that in such a cause you would lend me some. Speak, my dear Tubal; will you help me revenge myself and my race on the Christian unbelievers?

TUBAL—Well,—moneys are very scarce nowadays, Shylock. You know my business has been poor.

SHYLOCK—Come, come, friend Tubal. Do it for our race, and also think of our long hoped for revenge.

TUBAL—Ah, yes, Shylock. How much money does the cur want?

SHYLOCK—Three thousand ducats, a paltry sum to your healthy purse.

TUBAL—Monstrous! Impossible! It almost breaks my heart. Ah, well, I suppose I must let you have it. No rest would I get from you if I did not.

SHYLOCK—I thank you, Tubal; I thank you from my heart.

TUBAL—Mind you, Shylock, *do not forget the bond*.

SHYLOCK—Aye, Tubal, the bond, ha! the bond.

Exeunt Shylock and Tubal.

G. H. HAINES, JR., '25.

SOPHOMORES

The following essay was awarded first honors in a theme contest among members of Miss Milliken's class in English 2A. From the work of the class four themes, selected as the best, were delivered before Assembly on March 31. The judges were Mr.

Bosworth, Miss Thompson, and Miss Reynolds. The other essays given were "Courtesy the Key to Social and Business Success," by Verna Follett; "School Spirit," by Helen Hogan; and "Tennis at Cranston," by David Freedman.

Is School Worth While?

It is quite impossible to enumerate the cases in which men have failed because they lacked training.

It is almost impossible for any young man to be successful at fifty if he is foolish enough to leave school at sixteen, when his education is not nearly half finished. Things half done are never done right. A boy without a complete education is like a ship without a mast. He drifts around from one job to another, hopelessly seeking a chance to secure a good position. But it isn't a position he gets, it is a small job of no importance. He is ignorant and untrained, and has to be broken in at a great expense to his employer. When asked what he can do, the job-seeker is very much startled, and finally has to admit that he can do no one thing better than some one else. Such a person might always hold down a job; but a position of responsibility, never!

'Tis true that many a man has succeeded without a high school education, but these men studied with much difficulty books, from which they gained knowledge necessary to succeed in their line of work. The average boy leaving school would not do this.

Good positions are waiting for those who bide their time, study, and arm themselves with a high school education before entering the business world. Chances for advancement are more numerous, success more sure, and life more interesting if one has the only asset that nobody can take away from him, a good education. Some of you may question the practicability of algebra, history, and Latin. You may say that such things are not used in ordinary business, anyway. Well, to be sure, the average business man and his employees do not make any material use of algebra and Latin, but they will

tell you that in taking these studies in school, you are training your mind to study. You learn how to grasp the meaning of things more easily. You are taught to do things systematically, thus having the advantage over the other fellow who has had no training to fall back on.

When a boy is in his 'teens, he is at the most impressionable stage of his life. What knowledge he gains during this time serves as a foundation in learning other things later on. What a person learns at this age remains with him for the rest of his life. At that age it is much easier to learn than after his mind reaches its full stage of maturity.

How many men that you know have told you of the sorrowful mistake they made in leaving school, signing working papers at fourteen, and struggling the rest of their lives for the bare necessities of life. There are so many things to tempt a youth to leave school. I suppose it isn't natural for a boy to profit by the experience of others along these lines, but for those of you who have ability and ambition to succeed, there are

certain rules for everything. The rule for success is to get all you can, while you can, as well as you can, from the liberal education offered to you in the high school.

Everybody has heard the parable of the talents. The same applies to the way in which you use your intellect. A person with ability to study who can develop his mind and doesn't will soon find that his mind will be dull. What little knowledge he has he will lose because he did not use it while he had the opportunity.

You of Cranston High School have the chance and most of you are taking advantage of it. But to those whose minds are wavering in doubt, to those who are discouraged with their marks and are thinking of going to work, I say, take heed to this: It is your own fault if you don't succeed. It isn't the pull, but the push you need. Pull is help from others, —push is helping yourself. So stay in school and buckle down to studying. It's to your own advantage; you'll never regret it.

D. K. DEANE, 2A.

Houses

High on a towering cliff,
Stands a lonely house
Built of cold and rugged stone,
Gray and bleak and drear.
Except the great, vast sky above
And the ocean at its feet,
It stands alone,
Dismal, sad, and cheerless,
To joy and love unknown.

On a quiet country road
Nestles another house,
White with sloping roof of green,
'Neath a mammoth elm,
A meadow stretches at its side,
Where a brook reflects the blue
 Of the sky above.
In this house is stir and gladness,
 Gayety and love.

DOROTHY CHAMPLAIN, '24.

World Fame of '26

I happened to be looking at an atlas of the world today, just twenty years since the class of '27 graduated, and as I turned to a map which designated all the countries, and the chief sites of those countries, of the world, my thoughts flew to those of my classmates who, nationally and internationally renowned, dwelt in those countries and cities.

Some of them make their homes in the United States. In New York, the greatest of all cities, many of them live. Ethel Tubbs, our own "Tubby," Reynolds Bassett, and Billy Ferris are an inimitable trio of comedians who insure the success of any Broadway show; while a combination of Ella Urquhart, pianist, and Eunice Stubbs, prima-donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is enough to cause a riot.

Rafael Marinari, the electrical wizard, is constantly experimenting in his laboratory on Long Island and revolutionizing the world of science with his wonderful discoveries. Doris Williams, Overseer of the Poor, patiently toils away among her poor in the slums, while George Brehm, one of the most influential brokers in the famous "Street of Joy and Despair," makes and loses fortunes, the account of which is not an unusual item for the daily papers. Lester Horton lives in Boston and is Professor of Latin and Mathematics at M. I. T. He is a dependable authority in the United States on both these subjects. Eric Holdsworth, foremost American artist, cartoonist, and illustrator, lives on the other side of the continent in San Francisco. He has a neighbor

in the great western city, Margaret Kent, who, as owner of the greatest importing house in the world, sends her great ships to all the eastern ports, bringing them back laden with oriental treasures. Some, however, are still living in Providence. Hope Pettey, Congresswoman from Rhode Island; Angelo Dimicicco, Professor of Chemistry at Brown; Stanley Sweet, controller of the manufacture of jewelry in New England; and Henry Lendrim, called the "Second Roxie," who is building an immense broadcasting station in Providence, all make their homes in their home city.

In foreign lands they shine in equal glory. John Suda, building railways and bridges in Alaska; Helen Hennessey, the wife of an Austrian nobleman and a powerful political figure in Europe; Ada Nelson, an archaeologist in Greece and the Holy Land; Althea Twitchell, owner of immense mills in Lyons for the manufacture of silks and velvets, and of a delightful shop in Paris, known to well-dressed women all over the world; William McGlinchey, leading playwright of the time, who resides in London; Marion Wellington, a celebrated evangelist who travels through Japan, China, India, the East Indies, and the Malay countries; and Bill Greene, a rover who has lived on every continent, and who has just started on an expedition up the Congo, are the most important.

I think that everyone will agree that the accomplishments of my classmates are ones to be proud of.

ADA EATON, 2B.

A Bustling Lunch Period

If one should take a position at the door of the lunch-room just before the lunch period begins, he would see why Cranston High School needs a new lunch-room.

The bell rings and down the stairs pell-mell come the hungry boys. There is no courtesy, just shove, push, and may the best man win. If Mr. Bosworth is standing in the doorway, the boys slow down to a fast walk; but when they get inside, they all make a dash for the counter. If he is not there, they come dashing in to see who can be the first to be waited upon.

Most of them go to the "hot dog" counter, and here is a scene of bustle and strife which for a few minutes rivals the New York Exchange. Coins are waved madly in the air, and voices, shrill and commanding, rend the air with, "Two here!" "One

dog!" "One here!" When a lucky fellow manages to grab two steaming "dogs," he hastily applies mustard and celery salt to his taste.

And then to get out! By that time there is a mob of four or five deep around him. Guarding the "dogs" in one hand and using his other as a sort of battering ram, he moves slowly in the direction of the seats. At last he is free; and if all the seats are not taken, he may sit down and eat his meal in comfort. If they are full, which is usually the case, he will have to go out on the bleacher seats, if the air will permit, or stand up and eat his "dogs" in the corridor. Then he is settled for ten minutes until he goes in for ice cream and must repeat the same process as he did in rescuing his "dogs."

RALPH DICKERMAN, '27.

Song of the Spring Winds

"Over the hills and far away"—
To all who will listen the spring
winds say,
"Over the purple hills in the west
Where the drowsy sun sinks down to
rest—

Follow the pipes of Pan."
Over the hills and far away
Into the land where the Dryads
play—
Seek out the road that Pan has trod,
And with pointed hoofs has cut the
sod

To the Land-Behind-the-Sun.
Far away, far away, far away,

There blooms the land of eternal
May—
Over the hills where the fair nymphs
fled
When the cry arose that Pan was
dead.

Over the purple hills,
Beyond the gates of the sunset sky,
Are the cool green groves where the
Dryads cry,
"Pan rules over us—Pan, our king!
Come, weary mortals, and with us
sing
In the Land of Far Away."

MARGARET RYDBERG, '24.

FRESHMEN.



Freshman School Spirit

Remember the time when our class came into Cranston High School on a jolly autumn wind in September of 1923? Then we were a crowd of timid Freshmen, afraid to ask an upperclassman the way around the building, for fear of having somebody laugh at us. But now there is a great change. We walk around the building, putting on airs when we see a new Freshman.

We have been here such a short time that we have not had much chance to show school spirit. Some of us took part in the Thrysus Club play at Christmas, and some of our girls were in the Fashion Show.

Some of us belong to the Thrysus Club, others to the Girls' Athletic Association, and others to the Boys' Athletic Association.

But is this all we are going to do? The other day I heard one of the Seniors telling a friend there was a great deal her class wanted to do, but they had not had the chance; so why don't we try and do all these things? We want a new, clean lunch-room with tables to sit at; so why not try to aid the cause ourselves instead of just writing in our themes about it? We want a new Assembly Hall and sewing room, so that we shall not be bothered by the sewing machines

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during exercises in the hall. The school needs a new gymnasium and more books for the library. Sometimes when the Seniors go to the library with the purpose of spending the period there, they are turned back because there isn't enough room for them; but when we become Seniors, we expect to have a library large

enough to seat every one who wants to go there. We want to have all these things achieved by the class that graduates in 1927. When we leave Cranston High, we are going to try to leave a clean record of honest working and effort, and not one of wasted time.

SVEA PETERSON, 1A.

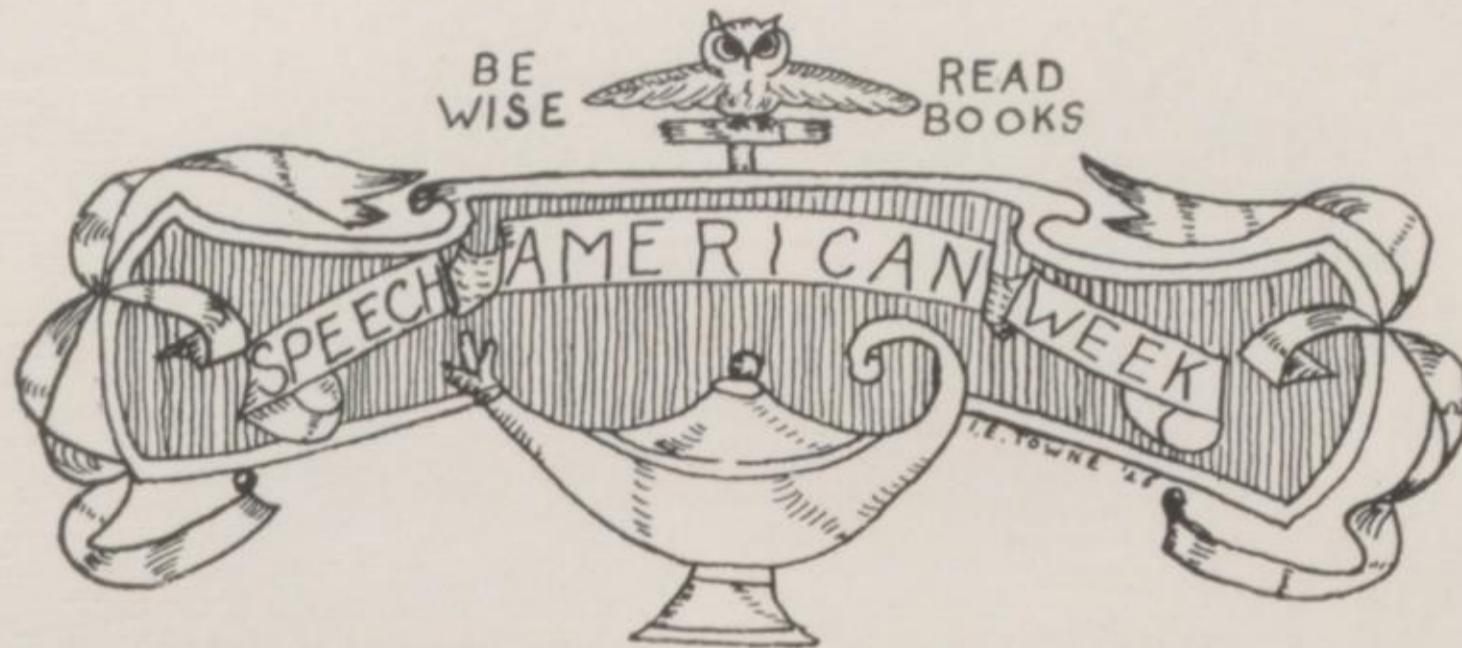
Three cheers for our *Cranstonian*,
A book surpassed by few!
Three cheers for all the teachers,
And pupils, three for you!

In baseball and in football
We play with might and main,
But when it comes to hockey,
The banners we're sure to gain.

To Cranston we'll be loyal;
To Cranston we'll be true;
And when they hold reunions,
Old friendships we'll renew.

We'll think of you and love you
As future years roll past,
And wish that we were back again,—
The years not gone so fast.

IVAH TOWNE.



American Speech Week was celebrated at Cranston during the week of November 12, with the usual popular interest. As in former years, appropriate programs were given in the hall on each morning.

On the first day, a Constitution Match was presented by some of Miss Kane's old history pupils. There were ten girls on one side and ten boys on the other. Questions on the Constitution were asked alternately, and those who failed dropped out of the match. The girls came out the victors.

On Tuesday morning, Miss Thompson's 3A English class presented a play, called "By Ourselves." It was very entertaining and much enjoyed. The cast follows:

Dr. Babcock Ernest Barnes
 Mrs. Babcock Anna McKinley
 Brown, the butler Louis Cook
 Lottie, the maid Elin Malmborg

This play was repeated later at a meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association.

A program arranged by Miss Carpenter's 4B English class was given on Thursday. Stories and articles from the "Green Lantern," a model newspaper prepared by the class, were read by the authors. They showed us that many members of the class possessed real talent for writing. This was a particularly enjoyable morning's program.

Mayor Rhodes addressed the school on Wednesday. He spoke on the subject of Americanism and the use of good English.

On the last day, Miss Hazeltine, Supervisor of Young People's Reading, of the Providence Public Library, read extracts from the books, "White Fire," a story of the Revolution, and "The Adventures of Raphael Pumpelly."

ELsie PALMER, '24.

How to Write a Detective Story

Home Correspondence Course No. 87,427, in Four
Short Lessons

(With the usual apologies)

LESSON I.

The Beginning.

The first chapter should, of course, start with the murder. This gives the relatives or persons interested in the victim time to mix up clues so that it takes the great detective 350 pages to solve the mystery. The best type of victim is a rich relative, as this gives many chances for motives for the murder. The more motives there are, the more puzzled the reader becomes; and the more puzzled he becomes, the more he enjoys the story. The best weapon is generally conceded to be the revolver, which should be found near the victim with no fingerprints to make the task of finding the murderer an easy one.

LESSON II.

Rising Action.

The next chapters to nearly the middle of the book should contain the finding of the body, the suspects of the family, and the final decision of the suspected person or some dear friend to call for the services of the great detective. Of course, a great detective is a necessity of any good detective story.

LESSON III.

How to Delay the Climax.

The detective comes in about the middle of the book and finds the trail cold. He questions and investigates for about 100 pages, in which subtle clues unnoticed by the family or reader may be brought to notice, such as a footprint, etc. Use your own discretion in these clues.

LESSON IV.

Conclusion.

This should occupy the last two chapters. The detective has finally collected all necessary evidence and calls the family in to tell them. The villain should always be the most innocent appearing person, and the one who has the most alibis. The detective brings up a hidden motive, and the story ends with the detective's telling how he found out this and that, much to the surprise of the family, and incidentally that of the reader, which is all the author can hope for.

ALBERT JOHNSON, '24.

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Le Meutrier

Si vous avez une nature qui demande l'excitation et qui devient inquiète si elle ne la reçoit pas, je vous dirai comment vous pourrez assouvir cette nature, au moins, pour une nuitée.

Allez au cimetière, Locust Grove, et avancez-vous à l'endroit le plus méridional. Allez à minuit et quand la lune est dans son plein. Pourquoi a-t-on mis un tel arbre dans cette place particulière?

Je vous dirai pourquoi.

Sous cet arbre est enterré un meutrier. Son procès était court. C'était court parcequ'il a refusé de parler ou de se défendre. A cause de son silence, on le condamna.

Mais il vous faut lui faire parler! Il vous faut lui faire dire pourquoi il a commis ce crime affreux.

Faites face au sud et regardez la lune pardessus votre épaule gauche. Puis mettez cette question:

—Meutrier, meutrier, pourquoi avez-vous tué cet homme?

Il ne répond pas.

Demandez encore:

—Meutrier, meutrier, pourquoi avez-vous tué cet homme?

Cette fois il ne répond pas.

Alors, pour la troisième fois, demandez:

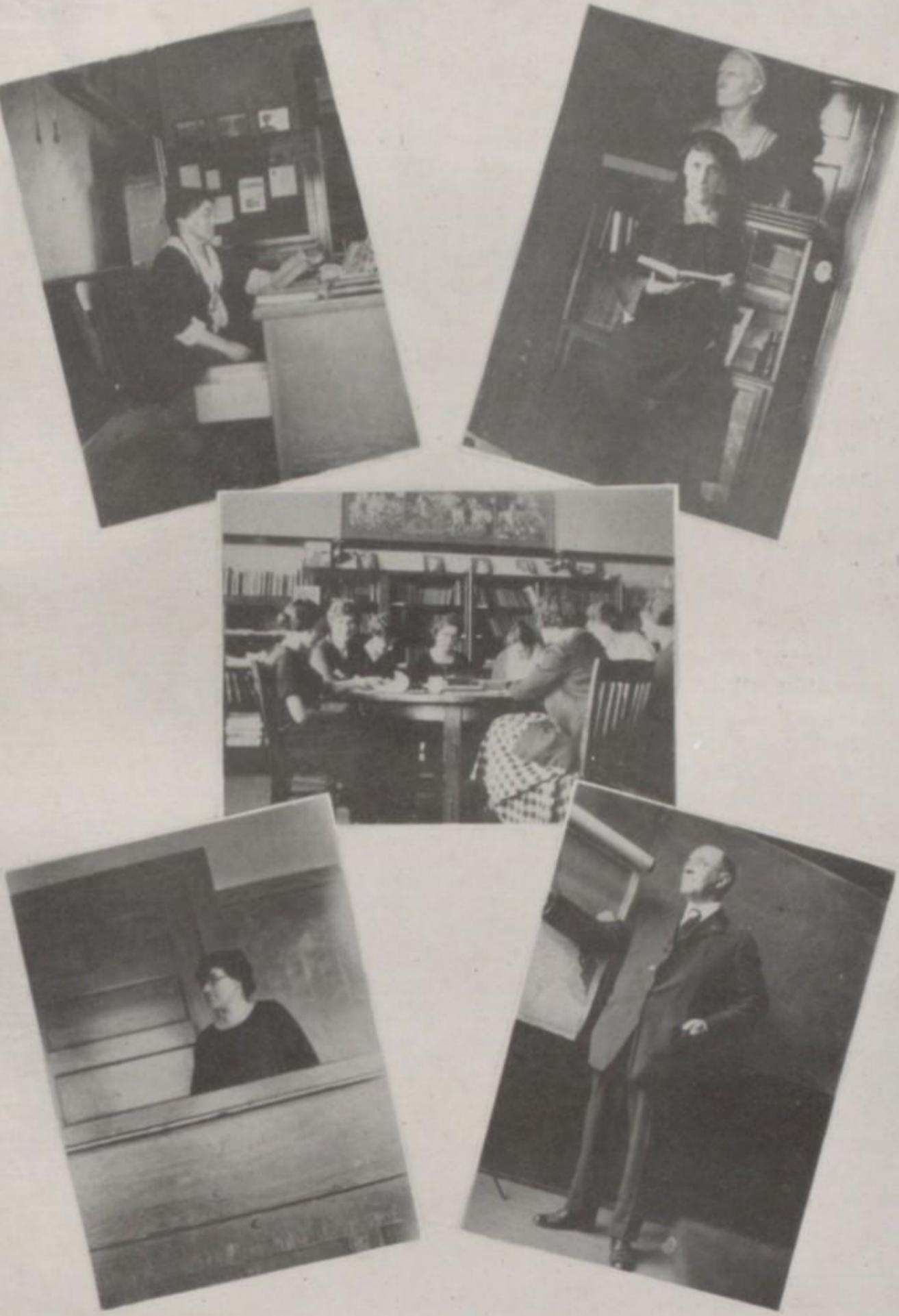
—Meutrier, meutrier, pourquoi avez-vous tué cet homme?

Et le meutrier répond. . . rien.

THOMAS WADE, '24.



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Los Dos Huerfanos

Juan Rodríguez y su hermano Eduardo vivían en el piso bajo de una casa humilde de la Calle de Preciados. Aquel joven tenía como de diez y nueve años, de mediana estatura, de tez morena y de cabello castaño y ojos pardos. El tenía en su fisonomía el sello elocuente de la inteligencia, como en sus ojos la expresión de la sensibilidad de su alma. Eduardo tenía veinte y dos años, pero era holgazán y no le gustaba trabajar. No era tan hermoso como su hermano y sus trajes eran siempre arrugado y manchado.

Su padre fué asesinado desde hace diez años en una batalla entre las tropas gobiernas y los republicanos. Por eso, los hermanos vivían solamente con su madre enferma. Juan asistía a la universidad y puesto que no tenía bastante dinero, él trabajaba en una tienda después de sus horas de clase. Eduardo no tenía una colocación regular y cuando no trabajaba, él quedó en casa y ayudó a su madre.

Una noche, después de la cena, su madre los llamó a su alcoba de ella y les dijo:—Mis hijos, me siento muy mal y yo sé que me muero dentro de poco. Quiero que vosotros seáis fieles, honrables y valerosos y Dios os pague. Acordaos siempre de tu buen padre. Juan con lágrimas en sus ojos dijo:—No, madre mía, no diga que tu muere. Tu estarás buena, y el verano que viene la tomaré al campo.

La madre no respondió y cayó en la cama con un rostro blanco. La buena señora había pasado a un mejor mundo.

Dos semanas después de la entierro Eduardo dijo a su hermano:—Juan, desde que yo no puedo hallar una colocación aquí y porque he querido siempre ver a Madrid, voy allí. Juan convenía con Eduardo y el día siguiente, éste salió para Madrid.

Juan trabajó diligentísimo a sus estudios y algunos años después era médico. Era siempre bueno y honorable y vivía solamente muchos años en una casa grande. Durante todos estos años, no ha recibido una carta de su hermano. Cuando volvió a haber tiros entre los republicanos y las tropas gobiernas, Juan, quien ya era hombre de treinta años, fué a pelear con las tropas gobiernas.

Entretanto su hermano Eduardo, quien no había obtenido un cargo, se había juntado con los republicanos, y después de muchos años con ellos y porque él era fiel, los republicanos le había hecho Capitán.

Juan, quien en efecto, puede pelear mejor que Eduardo, en una batalla asesinó al Capitán sin saber que el Capitán era su hermano. Juan fué también herido por el enemigo y fué llevado a una casa. Allí una enfermera le cuidaba de quien él estaba enamorado. Cuando estaba bueno él se casó con ella.

SARA KAYJIAN, '24.

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The Student Council

Oh, the Student Council's come to our school to stay,
To straighten out the traffic jam and help in every way.
If you mount a stairway where the sign says, "This Way Down."
Or try to clear a flight of stairs with one leap and a bound,
The marshals will discover you and there will be no grins
When the Council starts to question you about your deadly sins.
So you'd better pay attention to what I tell about,
Or the marshals'll get you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out.

Don't ever leave your dishes in the lunch room on a seat,
Don't ever scatter paper to be stepped on by the feet.
Don't mar the school belongings, or do things you know are wrong.
In going through the corridors, don't linger—don't be long.
Don't laugh and talk too loudly round the school outside or in.
Don't make the Freshmen think there is no discipline.
Don't scamper up the stairs, but walk with dignity about.
Or the marshals'll get you
Ef you

Don't
Watch
Out.

ARLINE DYER, '24.



The Wanderer's Return

Joshua Peters sat on a box at the edge of the station platform. The ten o'clock train was due in Langdon, and Joshua always made it his business to meet the two trains which came daily. It was not that he enjoyed seeing the crowds of people, for there were seldom more than three who got off at Langdon station, but, if any stranger arrived, Joshua prided himself on being the first to give him welcome. On this particular day, as the train drew in, Joshua, or "Uncle Josh," as the town called him, surveyed critically the one lone passenger who alighted on the platform. Slowly he got down from his box and strolled towards the stranger, a neatly dressed man of about thirty.

Much to Joshua's surprise, the man exclaimed, "Hello, Uncle Josh! Don't you know me?"

"Well, if it ain't Mary Ellen's boy, Jim. I'll be bound!" cried Joshua. "I sure didn't expect to see you today. Why, I haven't seen you since you folks moved away. Where have you been all these years? Same old wanderer as ever, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Jim, smiling, "the same old wanderer. A rolling stone, as folks used to say. Guess I haven't gathered any moss, either. How are you, Uncle Josh? Still the reception committee for all strangers, I see. I for one am certainly glad to see you. Walk up to the hotel with me and tell me how the town has prospered in my absence. I hear there is a new fire engine."

"Yep," said Joshua, falling into step beside Jim. "We've got a theatre, too. Pictures there every Wednesday and Saturday night. I go

both nights. Never miss a one. Oh, we're a pretty smart town now. We are going to have a new reservoir soon. Tonight there's a big reception at Judge Townsend's. A great doctor's coming from the city. I'm chairman of the reception committee. He's due on the four o'clock train, and we're all going down to meet him."

"You're on the job as usual, aren't you, Uncle Josh?" laughed Jim. "They knew they had a man of experience when they chose you."

"Yes, I'm experienced," Joshua agreed. "They needed a mighty capable man, because this here doctor is a great man. He saved the life of the Judge's daughter. It's because of that, the Judge is giving this affair. Funny part is, the doctor thinks it's just a small dinner. He hates these formal receptions. The town is sure het up about his coming.—Say, but they'll be surprised to see you. They always said you'd come back some time. Goin' to stay?"

"That depends upon how the town greets the returned wanderer," answered Jim. "Perhaps it prefers to do without a 'rolling stone.' It seems to me that in the past I have heard several unfavorable predictions concerning my destiny. Now this doctor, for instance."

"Oh," interrupted Joshua, "that's different. I admit that we never expected much of you, but the town always goes wild over any new arrival. He's quite famous, too. He's noted for his operations—at least, so the Judge says. We know of the doctor through the Judge.—Say, you don't know the Judge, do you? He's

a pretty smart man. Came here about five years ago, just after you left. You'll have to meet him soon."

"I shall certainly enjoy meeting him," declared Jim. "It's fine the town has such a highly esteemed man."

"Mebbe you'll meet the doctor, too. Let's see," said Joshua hesitating. "Yes—Edwards—Dr. James Edwards. I think his name is. Perhaps he could give you a job. You've had a pretty good education. You might be able to be of some use to

him. Didn't you go to some doctor's school or something? Your mother always said she wanted to make you a doctor like her father. What have you done, anyway, Jim?"

"I? Oh, nothing much," answered Jim. "I did manage to graduate from a medical college. Then, as Mother's health was poor, we went South. There I established a small office and did fairly well. I adopted my step-father's name and became known as James Edwards."

ELINOR MARGERUM, '25.

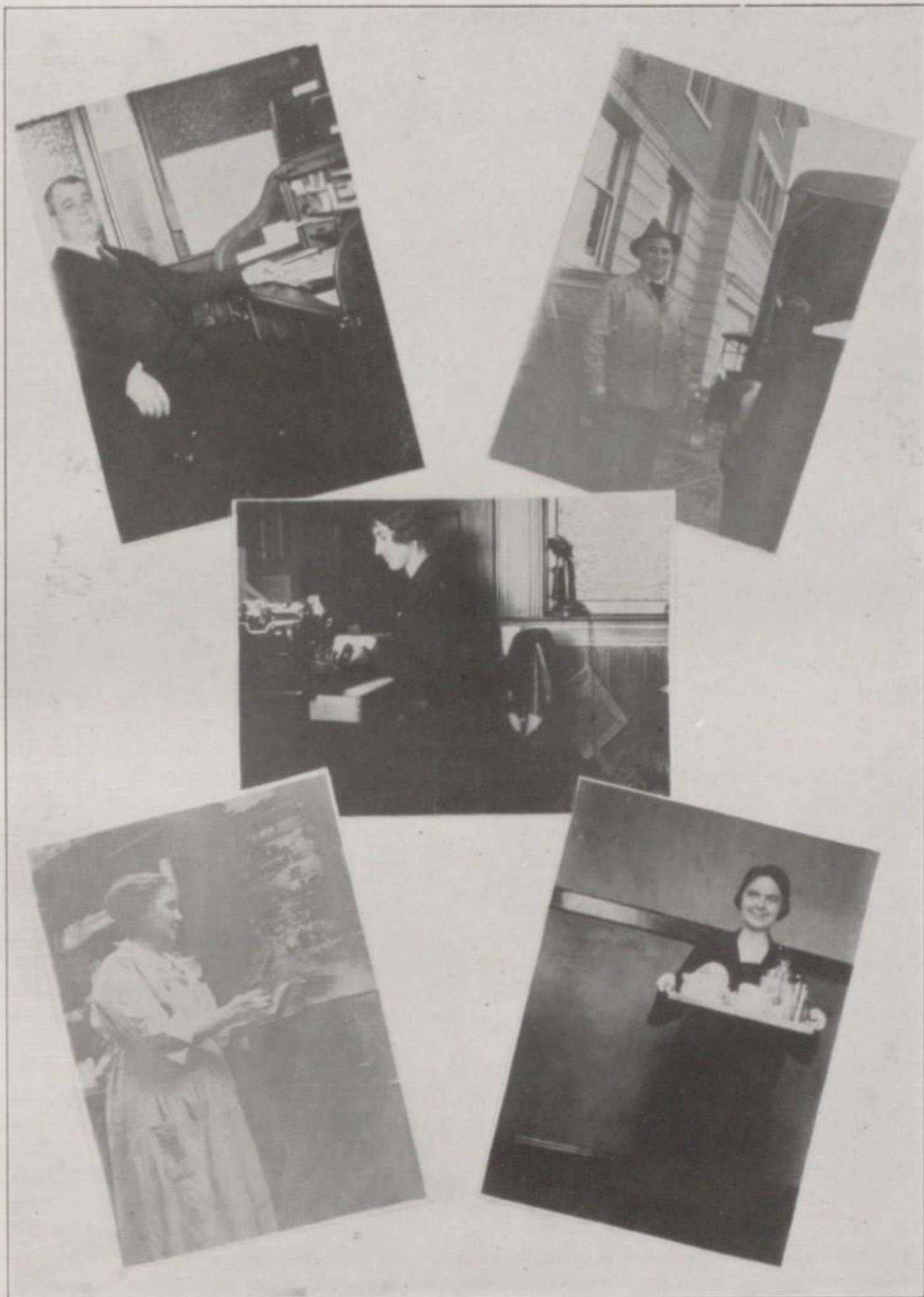
The Sea

Softly, softly, calls the sea,
Messages of peace to me.
As beneath the silver moon
It lies so still and deep,
It fills me with a quiet joy
Of its silent, deep blue calm.

Loudly now the sea calls,
'Neath the cold gray stormy sky,
Its voice,
Mingled with the spray,
Echoes from rock to rock
And then to me,
Filling me with rapture
Of rain and wind and waves.

D. CHAMPLIN, '24.

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The Student Council



RINGLER

ESTELLA MARTIN
IDA ANDERSON

SKLUT
MARGARET RYDBERG

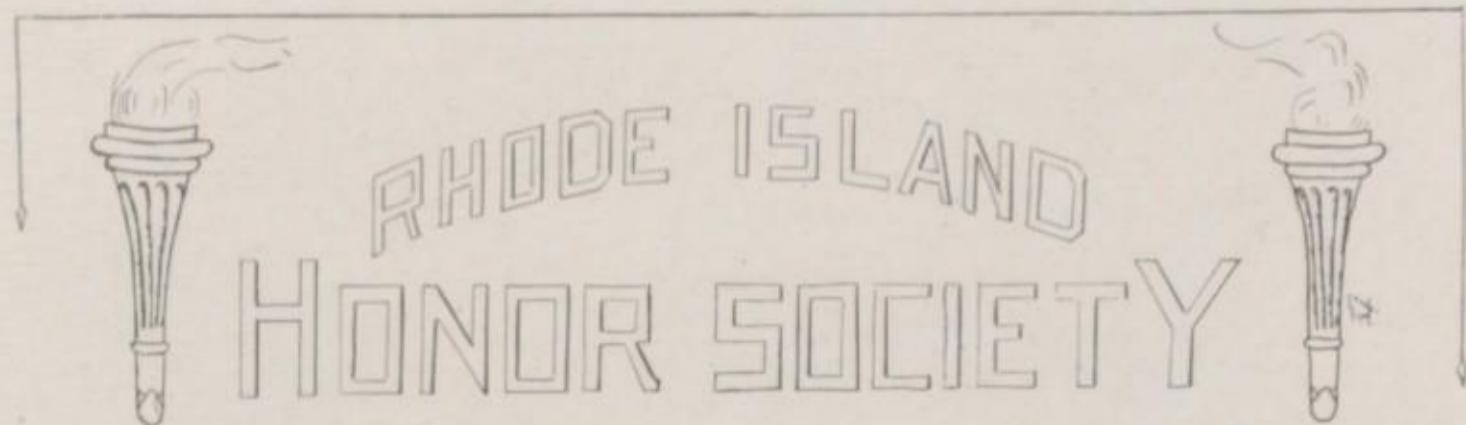
The Student Council is a comparatively new organization in Cranston High School, this being the second year of its existence. During the year 1923 a constitution was made which was put into effect this year.

This semester the members of the Council are as follows: 4A, Margaret Rydberg and James Allenson; 4B, Ida Anderson and John Martin; 3A, Harry Sklut and Christine Whitmore; 3B, Kingsley Read; 2A, David Freedman; 2B, Eunice Stubbs; 1A, Edward Ahern; Faculty members: Mr. Bosworth, Miss Carpenter, Miss Fuller, Miss Kane, and Miss Towne.

The Student Council has improved Cranston High School in many ways. It not only has been a means of acquainting the student

body with the teachers, but has increased interest in school affairs. Pupils have suggested to the Student Council ways and means of improving the moral, the scholastic standard, and the athletics of the school. Their latest improvement is the adoption of a rule that all class meetings shall be held during school hours. This stimulates the interest of the pupils of the respective classes.

The marshals, who are selected by rooms and elected by the Council, enforce the one-way traffic regulations and carry out the will of the Student Council. Among other things, they have bettered conditions in the basement and are in process of making other plans which will benefit the school.



RHODE ISLAND
HONOR SOCIETY

Before an assembly of the school on April 22, sixteen pupils of the Senior class were made members of the Rhode Island Honor Society. Mr. Bosworth praised them for their work and expressed the hope that the number eligible to membership would continue to increase each year. He then introduced Dean Randall of Brown University, who spoke of the importance that the secondary schools should give to the training of the pupils' minds rather than to the over-loading of them with facts. Mr.

Fenner, after congratulating the new members, presented pins and certificates to the following pupils: Ida Anderson, Lillian Blanding, Louis Bertram Cook, Helen Anna Droitcour, Dorothy Estelle Drowne, Arline Gardner Dyer, Mildred Fearney, Albert Robinson Johnson, Sara Esther Kayjian, Mildred Latham, Elinor Margerum, Anna Margaret McKinley, Elsie Ingeborg Palmer, Gertrude Grant Potter, George Francis Ringler, and Margaret Rebecca Rydberg.



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HOWARD HODSON

THE CRANSTONIAN

The Thrysus Club



FITTS
President
HELEN BOWERMAN
Chairman
Social Committee

DOROTHY KNOTT
Vice-President
MARION DEANE
Secretary
MISS MILLIKEN
Treasurer



The Thrysus Club still stands as a leader in school activities. School spirit is well shown by the support and encouragement given to all social and dramatic enterprises which the club undertakes. Under the able direction of Miss Milliken it has had a most successful year, and is looking forward to even greater things in the future.

The meeting for the election of officers on October 9 had been widely advertised and discussed, and was attended by a number which exceeded all expectations. The later meetings, formerly noted for their dullness and lack of enthusiasm, were made interesting by the addition of special attractions, and were also attended by a large number of students, who took an active interest and participation in club affairs.

The annual Christmas party was held on December 21. A play entitled "A Christmas Miracle" was presented under Miss Milliken's direction. The cast was as follows:

Mary Trenzlo	Marion V. Deane
Helen Lee	Thelma B. Bartlam
Benedict	Raymond E. Jenkins
Holton Lee	Robert P. Bolan
Butcher's boy	William E. Prior

After the play, Santa Claus arrived from the North Pole and distributed gifts to the faculty and a stick of candy to each member of the school as the season's greetings from the Thrysus Club.

The most ambitious project was the production of "Come Out of the Kitchen," a three-act play by A. E. Thomas, based on the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller. The production was under the direc-

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tion of Miss Florence H. Slack, well-known dramatic coach, to whom is largely due the credit for its remarkable success. The popularity of the production was shown by the large number who tried out for the various parts. The play was widely advertised by an extensive publicity campaign, which included all the newspapers of Providence and Cranston. Photographs of members of the cast appeared in the newspapers, in addition to which a local advertising campaign was conducted at the school.

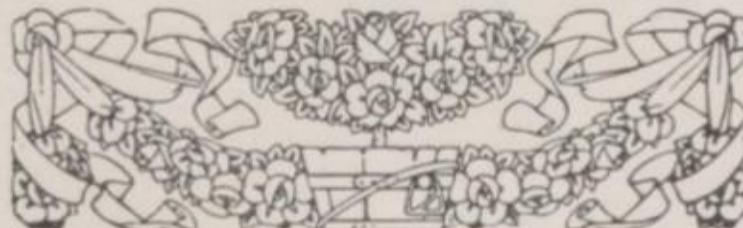
"Come Out of the Kitchen" was presented at the Star Theatre, East Greenwich, on Wednesday, April 23, under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the American Legion. This was the first time that a Thrysus Club play had ever been presented outside of the school. The performance was a great success, both financially and dramatically.

The play was presented at the school on Friday, April 25, and was even more successful than at East Greenwich. Never before had such a crowd witnessed a Thrysus Club production. The cast of characters was as follows:

Dave Daingerfield	Daniel B. Fitts
Charles Daingerfield	Ernest M. Barnes
Elizabeth Daingerfield	Catherine E. MacKay
Olivia Daingerfield	Constance S. Hull
Amanda	Ethel M. Tubbs
Randolph Weeks	Kenneth E. Keach
Burton Crane	Earl A. Turner
Mrs. Falkner	Gertrude G. Potter
Cora Falkner	Marion V. Deane
Solon Tucker	Alva M. Anderson
Thomas Lefferts	Robert P. Bolan

Much credit is due to those who helped behind the scenes: Mildred Fearney, Dorothy Knott, Robert Marshall, Janet Read, Emma Almy, Louis Cook, Raymond Jenkins, Ralph Potter, Warren Kent, and Suran Messerlian.

ROBERT P. BOLAN, '23.

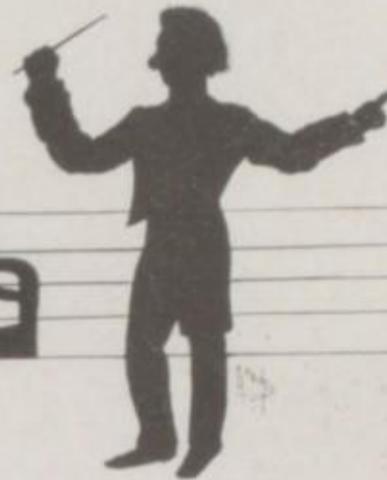


The Orchestra



RUTH GRANT MALMBORG BEAN WORRALL
NORDON BALIGIAN GWENDOLYN PETTIS EMILY MILLARD
MERRILL HELEN WILLIAMSON BILLSON SKOOG

Orchestra



During the first semester of this year the orchestra was small and most of its members were inexperienced. Consequently, when it was invited to play at outside affairs, a trio, consisting of Lowell Merrill, Spencer Worrall, and Arnold Skoog, was selected to represent it. This trio played very acceptably at the High School Division of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction.

The prospects of the organization for the spring term are bright. The membership has increased, and the attendance at rehearsals is considerably larger than last term. For the next month they will be preparing to play at a general teachers' meeting and at

the Minstrel Show. They will then devote their time to graduation marches and overtures. Since they lose only one member in June, they expect a larger membership of more experience next September.

The present members of the orchestra are the violinists: Lowell Merrill, concert master, and Spencer Worrall, Clinton Billson, Helen Williamson, Haig Baligian, Thelma Urquhart, Hugo Norden, Ruth Grant, Edward Shaw, Emily Millard, and Gwendolyn Pettis; the cornetist, Gerald Beane; the flute player, Carl Malmborg; the pianist, Arnold Skoog; and the director, Miss McInerney.

GWENDOLYN PETTIS, '25.

Girls' Glee Club



ELLA URQUHART

AGNES BENSON

ELSA MAERTENS

FLORENCE GUSTAFSON

IRENE BENGSTON

MARY VAN METER

MARGARET EKELUND

MURIEL SMITH

MABEL CLOUGH

HILDA MARTINO

ANNA EDWARDS

The Girls' Glee Club, though not very large in numbers, hopes to accomplish big things some time soon. It wants to give the school more of its music than it has formerly done. A few songs for American Speech Week, some carols at the Christmas entertainment, and three pieces for the Parent-Teacher Association at the Valentine Almy School have con-

stituted its accomplishments during the past year. Our classes have recently been omitted owing to the illness of our instructor, Miss McInerny, and so no further plans have been made for future public appearances. Our present officers are Agnes Benson, President, and Mabel Clough, Secretary.

ELSA MAERTENS, '25.

Minstrel Show



The annual Minstrel Show of the Boys' Athletic Association was given on March 28 and 29 under the direction of Mr. Belsey, as in former years. Colorful posters, drawn by pupils of the school, were scattered throughout Cranston to announce the affair. Both evenings the school hall was filled, in spite of poor weather.

At 8:15 the curtain rose, showing a pretty scene in an artist's studio. The girls of the chorus looked especially adorable in their white artist's smocks and black tams against an old rose background.

Every one was surprised to see two end women besides the four end men. "Millie" and "Rufus" were quite funny with their songs and their novelty dance. Nor was this the only surprise. There were several numbers that were not on the program. "Sam" with the point of his gun

compelled Mr. Belsey to sing for us, and forced Mr. Reeves to sing "Sweet Butter." Maisie Blaire's dance filled the empty place left by Dorothy Van Kirk. The Ukeliptus Four strummed away on their ukes. Bill tried to convince the audience that "It wasn't gonna rain no more;" but it took him a good many encores to make them believe him. Andrew McNamara explained how the "Little Wooden Whistle Wouldn't Whistle," and Ken Keach set forth the philosophy, "A smile will go a long, long way."

The jokes were numerous. "Millie" dared to tell Mr. Reeves, an expert lock picker, that she knew one lock that he couldn't pick, and that was a lock off "Pop" Reynolds' head. The curtain went down to the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner."

MILDRED FEARNEY, '24.

SPORTS



Girls' Athletic Association



HELEN BOWERMAN
President

MARION DEANE
Secretary
MISS PERRY
Treasurer

LOUISE EVERESE
Vice-President

Again the time has come to note in the *Cranstonian* the progress made in the Girls' Athletic Association during the past year, and to make known to its alumni and students the facts of interest. The annual meeting in September resulted in the election of the following officers: President, Helen Bowerman; Vice-President, Louise Evers; Secretary, Marion Deane; Treasurer, Miss Perry.

Not long after the opening of the school year, a hike to Skelton Valley was planned. This spot was the scene of last year's hike, where every one had such an enjoyable time.

When the day finally arrived for the hike, it was raining slightly, so that only a few girls went, but they enjoyed themselves in spite of the weather.

The next item on the association's calendar was the "Freshman Mixer," which was probably the most brilliant of the association's activities, both in respect to numbers and to the gayety of the party. Every one went away smiling, and the Freshmen were eager to join the association. The second annual dance was held on March 4 and was greatly enjoyed by many students of the school.

The outlook for a winning basket-

G
A
S



ball team last fall was unusually bright. The team played brilliantly and won most of the games.

The association with a good sum in its treasury has just purchased forty pairs of Indian clubs, now being used by the girls' physical training classes in the hall. This will benefit the girls as well as make the work more interesting.

The G. A. A. circus, held last May, was so unforgettable that plans are now being formed to bring a bigger and better show to C. H. S. this year.

A student who is not stirred by the achievements of his school teams is lacking in half of that which makes student life enjoyable. We cannot afford to lose an opportunity to support athletics. Cranston's place is at the front, and the time is not far distant when we shall have assumed that position. Let us put our faith in the teams and victory will take up her abode with the wearers of the green.

HELEN BOWERMAN, '26.

Girls' Basketball Team



THELMA URQUHART
Manager

MISS PERRY
Coach

MARION DEANE

EDITH WOODBURY

MARJORIE WELLS

KATHRYN KEEFE

ARLINE DYER

GRACE KING

Captain

CATHERINE MacKAY

Last fall a large number of girls turned out for basketball practice on the outdoor court, but when the weather forced us to hire an indoor court, that of the Y. W. C. A., several of these girls were missing. Nevertheless, there were many who remained with us, and from these a team was picked. This team, under Miss Perry's coaching, has shown itself to be the best girls' basketball team that Cranston has ever had.

On December 14, our girls started the season by defeating West Warwick, 22-19. By the time of the return game, the West Warwick girls had recovered, and the score was the same, but in West Warwick's favor.

In both T. M. T. M. games played at the Y. W. C. A., the Cranston girls outclassed the T. M. T. M.'s, the scores of the games being 52-35 and 60-29. South Kingston and Warwick were also easily defeated by our team.

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On February 19, our girls went to Central Falls to play the team from that school. By fast passing and clever team work the game ended 27-22 in Cranston's favor. The return game proved even more exciting, the score being 35-32 in our favor.

While the team from Pawtucket defeated us, our girls put up a good fight. When we went to the Pawtucket Y. W. C. A. to play Cumberland, we were very much surprised to have them beat us, 28-21. At the return game, however, our girls, having made sure that it should not happen again, easily defeated Cumberland, 38-22.

On St. Patrick's Day the team went to East Greenwich and was defeated, but as the gym was about three times as large as the Y. W. C. A. gym and only five players were allowed the team, the girls did not feel that East Greenwich outclassed them, and they waited for the return game. On March 28, at the Y. W. C. A., a very close game was played, in which our girls showed that they could beat East Greenwich.

The next Monday the girls played the last game of the season at Brockton. This game ended in a tie, 25-25.

Next year, all of this team will be missing, except Catherine MacKay, who has shown herself to be a very quick and alert side-center, and Grace King, who has developed into a star forward. As a jumping center and manager, Thelma Urquhart's equal cannot be found, and next year's team will have a hard time trying to fill the vacancies at guard left by Marion Deane, Arline Dyer, and Marjorie Wells.

It was only toward the end of the season that people began to realize that the Girls' Basketball Team was a real credit to the school.

The team has had a very successful season, having won twelve out of sixteen games played. Our girls have defeated East Greenwich, Warwick, Cumberland, West Warwick, T. M. T. M., Central Falls, and South Kingston. Need anything more be said in asking for the support of our Girls' Basketball Team?

KATHRYN KEEFE, '24.



Boys' Athletic Association



THORNTON
Secretary

RENNIE
*President
till February*
MR. BURT
Treasurer

TAYLOR
Vice-President
SEELEN
President

HAYWARD
*Secretary
till February*

The present officers of the Boys' Athletic Association are as follows: Seelen, President; Taylor, Vice-President; Thornton, Secretary; and Mr. Burt, Treasurer.

In the fall of the year preparations were made for a successful football season. A large number of candidates answered the call of the school's physical director and coach, Mr. Reeves. The team met with two victories and four defeats, and always made the games hard-fought ones.

Captain Taylor's call for hockey candidates resulted in a large number turning out. All contests were bitterly fought, and ended in one school or another barely winning. Weather conditions were such that the scheduled number of games could not be played; as a result, the team couldn't even the scores by playing a second game with those to whom they were so unfortunate as to lose.

Mr. Merritt and Mr. Reeves are now building up a baseball team

around nine letter men. A very large number have turned out and every indication points toward a successful season. The coaches are making every effort to promote constant and systematic work.

Perhaps more candidates than ever before in the history of the school have turned out for track. A special effort is being made by Coach Reeves to develop a track team good enough to win the Kingston meet. Four nights a week a large number may be seen training faithfully. A record

is kept of all those who miss a night's workout, and that person has to furnish a satisfactory excuse. There is a great deal of talent in the school which will be brought out in the coming meets.

At a meeting of the B. A. A. a vote was carried in favor of giving five per cent of the Minstrel Show proceeds to the Student Council. A new system of collecting dues was adopted and has proved very successful.

A. SUNDQUIST, '25.





The 1923 baseball season at Cranston was very successful, considering the difficulties under which we played. Lack of pitchers was the outstanding obstacle. Hennessy pitched the first few games until his arm gave out, and then Captain Bride was forced to fill this position, although he was relieved at times by Taylor. The inability to hire a coach before the first game placed the responsibility of coaching the team upon Captain Bride. Much credit is due him for the way he handled the boys and succeeded in rounding the nine into shape, starting with only five letter men. At the time of the first game we were fortunate in securing as coach Mr. Robertson, an alumnus of Brown, who once played on the Varsity nine.

The first game was with West Warwick, and the Cranston boys defeated them, 7-3. Hennessy pitched a fine game, and the hitting of McNamara was a feature. In the next game Cranston was completely overwhelmed by the strong Pawtucket nine to the score of 10-0. In the next game Cranston was beaten by Classical with the close score of 4-3. East Providence defeated the Cranston lads by the same score (4-3), the play being fast and interesting

throughout. Cranston came out of its slump, however, and defeated Woonsocket in a very lively contest by a score of 5-4. We next visited Hope field, expecting to defeat them, and came so close to doing it that the champions were greatly relieved when the last Cranston man was out.

Cranston got a poor start in the second round, being defeated by the West Warwick team, 13-3. This was an off day. Still smarting from this recent defeat, Cranston journeyed to Pawtucket and beat them, 17-5. They then defeated East Providence in a fast and well played game, a game of great interest, as it decided the athletic activities of the day in favor of Cranston. Continuing their winning streak, Cranston defeated Classical, 3-2, at Roger Williams Park. Hope journeyed to Cranston and took the Green and White boys into camp to the tune of 8-4. In the final game of the season, Cranston went to Woonsocket and received a sound beating in a slow and poorly contested game. Although this team did not win the pennant, only three regulars will be lost by graduation, so that the prospects of a successful 1924 season are very bright.

JAMES ALLENSON, '24.

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Football



PRIOR	FITTS	MR. REEVES <i>Coach</i>	HIGGINS	CUMMINGS
BUCKMAN	READ	A. ALLENSON	WORRALL	J. ALLENSON
WOOD	HENN	SEELEN <i>Captain-elect</i>	TAYLOR	KEACH
				SUNDQUIST <i>Maanger</i>
				EVERS



The football season of 1923 was a rather disastrous one from the Cranston viewpoint. Starting the season with a nucleus of four veterans, Coach Reeves set out to build a pennant-winning team. Building his backfield around Captain Rennie and Taylor of last year's crack team, he soon had a backfield which compared favorably with any in the league. The line, however, was a disappointment: Seelen and Hayward came through, but other promising candidates failed to live up to their promises.

The season opened auspiciously with a victory over Classical on our grounds. The next week we played East Providence; and as Classical had played a tie with them two weeks previously, we were looking for another victory. We were disappointed, however, for East Providence brought a fighting team to Cranston and walked away with the verdict, 20-6.

The following week the team journeyed to Woonsocket, where we were again defeated, 26-0.

The next game was with West Warwick at our field. Playing on a muddy field in a drizzle of rain, we managed to win by the score of 13-6.

This victory was only made possible by the marvelous playing of Captain Rennie. He was responsible for both touchdowns; and after having his ear nearly torn off by a careless West Warwick heel, he showed great courage in wishing to remain in the line-up.

Then came Hope, and with some of our best players out of the line-up for various reasons, we were snowed under, 32-0.

The last game was with Pawtucket on their field. Cranston, outweighed to a man, but fighting gamely, was buried under a score of 41-0, the secondary defense in this game having to bear the brunt of the attack, as the line was overwhelmed by Pawtucket's, the most powerful in the league.

There were many all-star teams picked this year by different papers. Captain-elect Seelen had the honor of being placed on the all-star teams of the Journal, Tribune, Cranston News, and Boston Advertiser; while Captain Rennie was placed on the Cranston News team. With a goodly number of letter men returning next year, chances for a successful season are bright.

A. R. JOHNSON, '24.

Hockey



PRIOR CUMMINGS MADISON A. ALLENSON WILLIAMS FLANAGAN F. CUDDY
SUNDQUIST TANNER TAYLOR J. CUDDY SEELEN



Cranston opened the hockey season with a nucleus of only four men. Around these, however, Captain Taylor soon developed a strong team.

The first game of the season was played with East Providence and resulted in a 1-1 tie. Read of East Providence furnished the thrill of this game when he shot a goal from what seemed an impossible angle.

After a short time, the squad went over to the East Side Rink to play Hope. Although Cranston lost by a 3-2 score, the team had no reason to be ashamed of their work. In fact, they made several brilliant plays.

After a long interval that gave the team a chance for some much needed practice, they played Classical at the Park. Here our men won by the score of 1-0, and Classical was entirely outclassed by our strong team.

As soon as the ice was safe again,

they played Commercial, defeating them by a 2-0 score. The ice was particularly good that day and the game was fast throughout.

The last game of the season was played with East Providence to decide the tie of our previous encounter. They managed to push the puck into the cage on one of their few rushes up the ice. Although our team could not tie the score, they gave the East Providence goal tender plenty to do and held the score at 1-0.

Although Cranston did not win the pennant this year, we nevertheless had a strong team, as is shown by the close scores in the games we lost. With six men out of the squad remaining in school, it is probable that next year they will bring home another pennant to decorate our assembly hall.

EARLE MADISON, '24.

Track



DROITCOUR

FITTS

TAYLOR
*Manager.*MR. REEVES
Coach

THORNTON

SUNDQUIST

CUMMINGS

SEELEN

RENNIE

Captain

The Cranston track team of last season was successful in many ways. The pole-vaulting of John Droitcour, the running of our fleet-footed, strong-hearted relay team, and the hammer-throwing of Merrill were indeed spectacular.

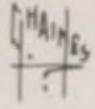
At the Narragansett meet, in the Providence Y. M. C. A., our relay team won third place in a fast race.

On May 25, a meet with English was held at Roger Williams Park. Here Rennie won third place in the shot-put and third in the 440-yard

dash; Neal took third honors in the mile run; J. Droitcour jumped to second place in the pole-vault, crossed the tape third in the 100-yard dash, and took third place in the broad jump; Hayward came in second in the mile run; Thornton took third place in the pole-vault; Sundquist fourth in the pole-vault, fourth in the broad jump, and fourth in the shot-put; while Easterbrooks also placed in the 100-yard dash and crossed the tape fourth in the 440-yard dash.



TRACK



At the Rocky Point meet, Cranston defeated East Providence. Among the point-getters were Rennie, Fitts, Easterbrooks, J. Droitcour, Mowbray, Benson, and Cummings.

At the annual Kingston meet, the invincible Cranston relay team, composed of Mowbray, Rennie, Benson, and Cummings, came through with colors flying and won first place by a margin of twenty yards. In this meet J. Droitcour, our dependable point-getter, won second place in the pole-vault.

Cranston had three representatives at the Junior Interscholastic Meet at Brown. All three placed. H. Droitcour was second in the pole-vault; Cummings, third in the 440-yard dash and second in the broad jump; while Sundquist was third in the pole-vault and third in the shot-put.

At the Senior Interscholastic Meet at Andrews Field, J. Droitcour broke the pole-vault record of ten feet one-half inch by neatly clearing the bar

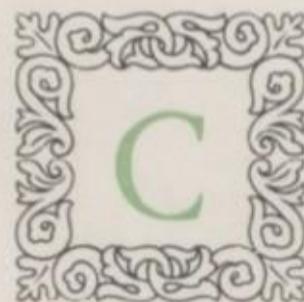
at ten feet five and one-half inches, a record that is likely to stand for some time. He also won fourth place in the broad jump. Rennie, our middle-distance star, took second place in the 440-yard dash after a hard-fought battle. Lowell Merrill took first place in the hammer-throw. He tossed the twelve-pound ball several feet beyond his famous brother's record, but stepped an inch or two out of the circle. He will show his ability, however, this season coming. Sundquist placed fourth in the hammer-throw and was tied for fourth in the pole-vault. In this meet our relay team, composed of McNamara, Benson, Udell, and Rennie, won first place. Rennie, our powerful relay man, ran around three men and crossed the tape several yards ahead of his nearest opponent.

In the annual cross-country run Olsen, Cloudman, and Atkinson, our representatives, failed to place.

ALFRED SUNDQUIST, '25.

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Wearers of the



Baseball, 1923

W. BRIDE, CAPT.
H. MORRIS, MGR.
A. MACNAMARA
V. CUMMINGS

J. HENNESSY
A. TAYLOR
J. ALLENSON
M. EVERE

J. CUDDY
D. FREEDMAN
W. PRIOR
J. MARTIN

Track, 1923

J. DROITCOUR, CAPT.
G. NEAL
R. HAYWARD
A. SUNDQUIST
D. RENNIE

F. EASTERBROOKS
E. MOWBRAY
V. CUMMINGS
J. BENSON
H. DROITCOUR

L. MERRILL
A. MACNAMARA
C. UDELL
W. THORNTON
W. THORNTON, Swimming

Football, 1923

D. RENNIE, CAPT.
A. SUNDQUIST, MGR.
A. TAYLOR
S. FLANAGAN
M. EVERE
R. HAYWARD
H. SEELEN

P. HIGGINS
W. THORNTON
V. CUMMINGS
C. BUCKMAN
K. READ
S. WORRALL
H. WOOD

K. KEACH
W. PRIOR
H. HENN
J. ALLENSON
A. ALLENSON
D. FITTS

Basketball, 1923

K. KEEFE, CAPT.
E. THOMAS, MGR.
A. DYER

M. MACKAY
T. URQUHART
C. MACKAY

M. WELLS
G. POTTER
M. DEANE

Hockey, 1924

R. TAYLOR, CAPT.
E. MADISON, MGR.
A. ALLENSON

H. SEELEN
F. CUDDY
S. FLANAGAN

N. PETTIGREW
A. SUNDQUIST
V. CUMMINGS

School News

On Wednesday, December 12, the 4A Class presented Tennyson's play of "The Princess" in the school hall before a large audience of students and members of the faculty. This is perhaps the first time that a class has undertaken such a venture in order to earn money. Miss Thompson acted as coach, and nearly every member of the class took part. The proceeds of the play were set aside to be added to the fund for the purchase of a class gift.

Christmas exercises were held in the school hall on December 21, the last day before vacation. The Thrysus Club presented a play, called "A Christmas Miracle," under the direction of Miss Milliken. The cast was as follows:

Mary Trenzlo.....	Marion Deane
Helen Lee.....	Thelma Bartlam
Holton Lee.....	Robert Bolan
Benedict, servant.....	Raymond Jenkins
Grocer's Boy.....	William Pryor

After the play, Santa Claus appeared through the fireplace and presented trinkets to the teachers and sticks of candy to students and teachers. It is to be regretted that lack of space prevented 1B Freshmen a sight of Santa Claus, in whom they so steadfastly believe.

The Senior Dance was held on December 21, the Friday before Christmas vacation. The patronesses were Miss Thompson, Miss Towne, Mrs. Allenson, Mrs. Bosworth, and Mrs. Martin.

We danced until ten o'clock, when ice-cream and lady fingers were served. After this we continued until eleven, throwing paper streamers

at random through the hall, and enjoying ourselves immensely.

One of the most enjoyable mornings spent in Assembly was on January 14, when Miss Fuller told us of her trip to the Land of the Midnight Sun. We were very much entertained by her vivid account of the customs and country of Norway. Two girls, dressed in Norwegian peasant costume, sang the national hymn of Norway, and Lowell Merrill played several selections from "Peer Gynt," by Grieg, the great Norwegian composer.

On January 21, Captain Armitage spoke to the pupils of Cranston in special assembly. In an effective and inspiring speech he put before us the necessity of our accomplishing twice as much as other generations, to make up for what was lost and checked during the World War. He urged all of us to attend college if it were humanly possible, and told us of many different ways of working our way through.

When we saw him sitting on the platform, he looked quite ordinary and commonplace, but as soon as he began to speak, he was transfigured. We listened breathlessly, sometimes feeling like crying, more often like laughing. When he finished, we felt as if we could go out and conquer the world.

The mid-year graduating class often likes to give a distinct rather than a joint gift to the school. Such a spirit is commendable when it results in such useful and attractive objects as the display rack and dictionary stand bought by the Febru-

ary, '24, class, that have since February helped to furnish the library so fittingly. Friends of the library are greatly encouraged when the pupils of the school appreciate its possibilities of service and make efforts to increase them.

On February 4, students who had the second lunch period noted with regret that the Lunch Room Economics Class had been discontinued. This class, composed of the group of Senior girls who stood at the foot of the stairs, had furnished amusement for all who had the good fortune to be anywhere within range of the girls' voices. In the daily heated discussions much material was furnished for practice in debate, which, we are sure, helped at least two of the girls in their English. The Freshmen, who formed an open-mouthed, admiring audience, wish to acknowledge here their gratitude to this class for the entertainment and valuable information it furnished.

This year, for the first time, not a single member of the Grand Army of the Republic was present at the school on Flag Day. Ex-Senator Sherwood addressed the school on the help gained from knowing of the lives of Washington and Lincoln. After his talk, Miss Smith, who represented the G. A. R., told us some of the homely, every-day incidents of Lincoln's life, and emphasized the lovable, human side of his nature.

On Cranstonian Day, February 18, the members of the Cranstonian Board spoke to the school in the regular Monday morning assembly. They urged the students to contribute to

the different departments of the *Cranstonian* and to help in getting ads for it.

As there was not room for the 1B Freshmen to come to the hall with the rest of the school, they had to be called in special assembly, when the board repeated their appeals for contributions.

Mr. George Gaskill, from the Underwood Typewriting Company, gave a typewriting demonstration in the hall, on Monday, February 25. He told us that the three essentials in typewriting well are accuracy, rhythm, and concentration. In the first part of his demonstration he typed speed tests one minute in length, achieving a speed of 138 words a minute in one test, and 149 in another. Later, he showed us what a difference lack of rhythm made in our speed. We enjoyed the demonstration very much, and left the hall determined to increase our speed and accuracy records.

A plan has been suggested for the pooling of the resources of the organizations of the school for the Student Council. This plan, which provides that the organizations give five per cent. of their profits to the Council, should receive the hearty support of all the pupils. The need for money with which to meet the minor expenses of the Council is apparent. The limited membership of the Student Council makes it impossible for it to raise money by other means. The Council is working for the benefit of members of Cranston High School, and should receive the help of all the pupils of the school.

THE CRANSTONIAN

This year will witness the end of the Two-Year Commercial Course in Cranston High School. The main fault to be found with this course is that pupils taking it receive only two years' instruction in English. Business men demand thorough knowledge of English, and are not satisfied with only two years' training in it. In many cases graduates of the Two-

Year Course have found this their greatest handicap in getting a position.

Recently a census of the school was taken. It was discovered that the parents of a number of students, now members of this school, attended Cranston High School. They are as follows:

Pupil's Name

Irving Bates
William Baxter
Dorothy Clark }
Marjorie Clark }
Everett Colwell
Marriott Evers

Walter Haven
Constance Hull
Ethel Main
Robert Henry
Dorothy Perry }
Helen Perry }
Gertrude Potter

Norman Searle
Muriel Smith
Amy Stone
Stanley Sweet
C. Sumner Tanner
Ivah Towne
Sheldon Williams

Name of Parent or Parents

Bessie M. Bates
Alice C. Baxter

Luella Sevin Clark
Fannie Thurber Colwell
Mabel Marriott Evers
{ Walter B. Haven
{ Kate S. Haven
Lura Shreve Hull
Marjory McGuighn Martin
Daniel C. Murphy

Harry H. Perry
{ Anna Perry Potter
{ Everett C. Potter
Chester F. Searle
Edna E. Smith
Wilfred E. Stone
Benjamin Sweet
C. Milton Tanner
William S. Towne
James S. Williams



ALUMNI



Members of Class of 1923 at Higher Institutions At Brown

Clifton V. Bagley
Mildred L. Fisher
Dorothy Hampson

Annie W. Handley
Hope F. Kane
Wentworth Massie

Edythe E. Pine

At Kingston

John M. Droitcour
Frank D. Easterbrooks
C. Gunnar Johnson
Herbert M. Koran
Kathryn L. McGarry

Robert S. McCully
Edward A. Mowbray
Granville M. Neal
Esmond E. Peckham
Alfred W. Swanson

George Udell

At Rhode Island College of Education

Mildred M. Miller

Mollie C. Parmelee

Marie McGarry

At University of Pennsylvania

James B. Greene

J. Milton Kent

At Rhode Island School of Design

Pauline Jones

Margaret L. MacKay

At Worcester Polytechnic Institute

John C. Thorenson

At Providence College

Thomas H. Bride
Harold F. Morris

John Vallone
Pasquale Vallone

Life at Brown

A liberal college gives to its students a broad cultural education while, at the same time, it develops them physically and socially. Brown University maintains this liberal ideal in its curriculum, offering a comparatively free choice of a wide variety of subjects, whereby students may meet the requirements for their degrees with any number of different courses. If a science be required, either biology, geology, or chemistry may be studied. The mathematics requirement may be fulfilled by an argumentation course, since both develop the same mental qualities of accuracy and alertness. Thus there is with each requirement a broad field from which to choose.

It is true at Brown, as elsewhere, that the enjoyment and success of a course depend largely upon the attitude of the professor. The guidance of the class is in his hands. The amount of personal interest he has in his course, in the individual students, and his mode of interpretation of his subject determine the success of his course. Thus, in the four divisions of the Freshman theme course, one section, encouraged by the praise and sympathy of its professor, found theme writing a joy, whereas another division, disheartened by the harsh criticisms and apparent lack of interest of its professor, received neither inspiration nor encouragement, and consequently found theme writing a bore.

Cultural education at college is not confined strictly to the class rooms. Brown offers its students many opportunities to listen to inspiring and

enlightening speeches of world-famous men on topics of current international interest. At college our taste for things of higher intellectual value develop little by little, and we find ourselves gradually taking an active interest in many things, some of which we formerly knew existed but which we cared little about, and others of which we had hitherto been entirely ignorant.

But cultural education is only a part of the curriculum at Brown. Gymnasium courses are required of every student. The work "required," however, should not give one a wrong impression, for Freshmen find "Gym" nothing but an hour of sport in which they play basketball, fist ball, dance folk dances, shinny up ropes and shiver down them. The hour is gone all too soon.

Although it is possible to speak of cultural and physical education separately, one cannot exactly isolate the social side of college life. An atmosphere of sociability permeates everything connected with Pembroke Hall. One might tell much of the numerous social functions at Brown, describing the specific teas, plays, parties, and dances given by the individual classes and the college as a whole, and one might sketch in detail the life of the girls both at the dormitories and at Pembroke Hall, for the social calendar plays a large part in college life. It is enough, however, to say that it is a tie that binds the whole college together. One who has an active interest in the social life at Brown finds a continual variety of delights.

HOPE KANE, Brown, '27.

Alumni News

Gordon Bigelow, '20, won first place in the class of 1880 Discussion at Brown University.

Gordon Bigelow and Bruce Bigelow, '21, have been awarded the honorary degree of Phi Beta Kappa at Brown University.

Bruce Bigelow, '20, is the manager of the Brown University Orchestra. H. Vinton Potter, '21, is assistant manager.

Raymond Anthony, '21, is a member of the business department of the "Brown Jug" Board.

At a recent meeting of the Cranston School Committee, Dorothy Townsend and Maybelle Faust, both of the class of '21, were appointed as grade teachers.

Leonard Bailey, '22, and James Benson, '23, are now students at Annapolis.

Charles Baker, '22, and David Stackhouse, '22, have taken part in several plays presented by the Brown University Dramatic Society.

Ernest S. and Ruth Leathers Smith announced on April 16, 1924, the birth of a daughter, Marjorie Bertha.

In Memoriam

FRANK CURTIS—Class of 1922

Born October 20, 1903

Died December 10, 1923

Alumni Reunion

On the evening of January 1, 1924, a meeting of the Cranston High School Alumni Association was held in the High School Hall. A goodly number of teachers, former teachers, and former students were present.

A play, "The Unseen," was presented by three former students of the school under the direction of Dorothy Simpson, '19, and Elizabeth Simpson, '21. The cast was as follows:

Lois Baldwin . . . Hope Gilbert, '22
Jeffrey Baldwin . . Vinton Potter, '21
Hilda (the maid),

Doris Davenport, '23

The play was followed by a business meeting. A nominating com-

mittee, previously appointed, presented a slate containing two candidates for each office.

The names were balloted upon and the following officers were elected:

President—Harry Abramson, '21.
Vice-President—Eulalia Towne, '97.

Secretary—Elmer Smith, '22.

Treasurer—Laura Urquhart, '21.

A board of directors was appointed by the new President.

After the meeting was adjourned, a grand march was formed according to classes, after which dancing and refreshments were enjoyed. The music for the dancing was furnished by men from the Brown University Orchestra.

Faculty Notes

Miss Jenness Ruhl, formerly a teacher of this school, was married on February 23, 1924, to Mr. Arthur N. Peckham of Greenville, Ohio.

Miss Geraldine Street, who has been a reserve teacher of the school for many years, was recently married to Mr. Thomas E. Colton.

Miss Helen Barrett was recently entertained by Mrs. Coolidge, as one of a party of five, at the White House.

The resignation of Miss Louise Reynolds, teacher of Latin, was occasioned by her approaching marriage.

Acknowledgments

THE CRANSTONIAN Board wishes to thank all those who have helped in the preparation of this book. We are indebted to Alvan Anderson, Dorothy Champlin, Marion Deane, Verna Follett, George Haines, and Ivah Towne for their artistic drawings, and to Doris Burbank for the

many entertaining snapshots which she contributed.

Dorothy Champlin, Arline Dyer, and Kathryn Keefe gave much time to writing personals, as did also Elsie Miller, Helen Johnson, and Evelyn Pope in the typewriting of the manuscripts.



THELMA URQUHART



WARREN KENT

The business managers wish to recognize the splendid results achieved by Thelma Urquhart, Robert Bolan, and Earle Madison, who, as heads of three districts in an advertising contest, made the book a financial success. Special mention is given to the

boy and the girl scoring the highest individual totals.

The business managers wish also to thank Arline Dyer, Kathryn Keefe, Anna McKinley, Marion Wellington, and James Allenson for the aid they so generously rendered in the advertising and the clerical work.

THE CRANSTONIAN

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GIRLS'
ATHLETIC
ASSOCIATION



THE CRANSTONIAN

Congratulations!

TO THE EDITORS
TO THE MANAGERS
TO ALL THE SCHOOL

It seems to us that each new issue of THE CRANSTONIAN is BETTER than its predecessor. That is as it should be. We live to improve. But it does seem that this CRANSTONIAN has gone about the limit on the road to perfection! It is mighty classy. It is great. And we congratulate all who had a hand in its making—likewise the Cranston High School, which it so gloriously represents.

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MAYOR

Miss Holt looks up and sees Jennison with suspiciously moving jaws: "Jennison, are you chewing gum?"

Jennison swallows hard: "No, ma'am."

Mr. Briggs, lowering piano top after demonstration for Physics Class: "Everybody but Johnson take his head out of the way."

Mr. Briggs, in same class, to Sundquist: "Put your head next to the table and the sound goes through the wood."

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Voice from the Class: "How do you water melons (watermelons)?"

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Mrs. Laura L. Stackhouse

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Mrs. Susie J. Harrington

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Heard in the lunch room: "What is a polar expedition?"
"It's a hunt for polar bears, isn't it?"

Miss Hogan, translating: "The river flew into the ocean."

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No answer.
Mr. Briggs: "The sun!"
A Brilliant One: "And the father."

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Miss Vickers: "Make Macbeth drink it."

M. Hogan (explaining the "Law of Primogeniture"): "The oldest son received the title and he passed it on to his oldest son—if he didn't have any children, he passed the title to his ancestors."



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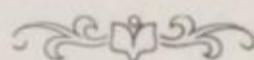
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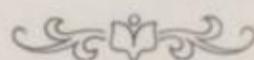
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Mr. Reynolds, conducting Commercial Geography Class: "Mason, where do pineapples grow?"

Mason: "Samoa."

Mr. Reynolds: "Hawaii."

Mason: "Fine, thank you."

Mason went to see Mr. Bosworth.

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Teacher: "No."

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First Pupil: "Oh, I see; it is a battle scene."

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Miss Thompson: "A pupil from one of my classes gave this sentence as an illustration of climax: 'The man lost his wife, children, home, and his dog, all at one time.' What would you call that?"

Prior: "A catastrophe."

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3A Latin:
Miss Holt: "What part of speech is *us*?"
Miss Whitmore: "Accusative."

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Messerlian: "How's that?"

Miss Arnold: "I hear you can beat time."

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Miss Carpenter: "What were the witches going to do with the brew which they were making?"

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Cummings: "The other side!"

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Miss Clark: "I don't know."

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